Buck Rogers 25th Century A.D.



Daily Story 001

"Meeting the Mongols"

January 7, 1929 to July 5, 1929
Series I Strips 1 to 155

by Philip Nowlan and Dick Calkins


I WAS TWENTY YEARS OLD WHEN THEY STOPPED THE WORLD WAR AND MUSTERED ME OUT OF THE AIR SERVICE I GOT A JOB SURVEYING THE LOWER LEVELS OF AN ABANDONED MINE NEAR PITTSBURGH, IN WHICH THE ATMOSPHERE HAD A PECULIAR, PUNGENT TANG, AND THE CRUMBLING ROCK GLOWED STRANGELY. I WAS EXAMINING IT WHEN SUDDENLY THE ROOF BEHIND ME CAVED IN, AND -----
TRAPPED!! GAS KNOCKING ME OUT, TOO-- GETTING SLEEPY..... GUESS I'M DONE FOR---GOOD BYE ALL---
MOTHER.
—BUT I DIDN'T DIE. THE PECULIAR GAS WHICH HAD DEFIED CHEMICAL ANALYSIS, PRE—SERVED ME IN SUSPENDED ANIMATION. FINALLY ANOTHER SHIFTING OF STRATA ADMITTED FRESH AIR AND I REVIVED. I STAGGERED UP OUT OF THE MINE, EAGER TO REASSURE MY PARENTS AND FRIENDS, BUT-
HALF BREEDS!
WHERE AM I- DELIRIOUS? MEN FLOATING IN THE AIR! EXPLOSIVE BULLETS! SOMEBODY'S STARTED ANOTHER WAR.
GOOD NIGHT! A HUNDRED YARD JUMP! AND A GIRL SOLDIER, TOO! SAY SISTER, NEED HELP? HOLY CATS! TH' POOR KID'S HURT- WHO CAN SHE BE?
WHEN I EMERGED FROM THE MINE WHERE I HAD LAIN IN A STATE OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION, IT WAS TO FIND A STRANGE WORLD. I STOOD IN A VAST FOREST AND A GIRL SOLDIER, SAILING THROUGH THE AIR, CRASHED AT MY FEET UNCONSCIOUS
I GUESS THAT'S KNOCKIN' 'EM FOR A ROW, TH' DIRTY PUPS!
TAKE IT EASY, SISTER- THEY'VE GONE
YOU DROVE THEM OFF? BUT WHO ARE YOU? YOUR ACCENT AND CLOTHES ARE SO STRANGE WHAT ORG DO YOU BELONG TO?
WHAT D'YOU MEAN, ORG? ORGANIZATION? I DON'T BELONG TO ANY - I'M BUCK ROGERS A FALL OF ROCK TRAPPED ME WHILE I WAS SURVEYING THAT MINE I JUST GOT OUT A FEW MINUTES AGO
YOU'RE EITHER CRAZY, OR-A SPY! IF THAT CAVE EVER WAS A MINE IT HASN'T BEEN WORKED SINCE 2030 A.D.,— 400 YEARS AGO!
WHOA-A-A! BACK UP! DO YOU MEAN THIS IS THE YEAR 2430?


I HAD DIFFICULTY IN CONVINCING THE GIRL I HAD SLEPT FOR FIVE HUNDRED YEARS IT WAS HARD TO BELIEVE IT MYSELF, BUT IN THE END -----
-AND HERE'S MY SERVICE BUTTON TO PROVE IT.
I BELIEVE YOU NOW. BUT YOU CAN'T LIVE ALL ALONE IN THIS FOREST. I'LL TAKE YOU BACK TO MY ORG.
COME ON - WE'LL GET THIS HALF BREED'S JUMPING BELT FOR YOU HE'LL NEVER NEED IT AGAIN
GREAT SCOTT! WHAT A LEAP!
THIS JUMPING BELT CONTAINS "INERTRON" IT HAS REVERSE WEIGHT - IT FALLS UPWARD. YOU ONLY WEIGH FOUR OR FIVE POUNDS NOW.
IT SURE FEELS FUNNY
NOW WE'LL JUMP FOR THE ALLEGHENY ORGZONE. MY NAME'S WILMA. ARE YOU MARRIED?
GOSH NO! SAY - DON'T DROP ME, SISTER!


WHY DID YOU ASK IF I'M MARRIED, WILMA?
OH, FOR NO PARTICULAR REASON. ONLY THE ORG NEEDS MORE ELIGIBLE BACHELORS
HEY! DON'T POINT THAT THING AT ME! IT MIGHT GO OFF
HELLO, HELEN - PUT UP YOUR GUN - HE'S ALL RIGHT HE SAVED MY LIFE
O.K. IF YOU KNOW HIM, WILMA. TOO MANY HALF BREEDS AROUND HERE TO TAKE ANY CHANCES. I'LL BE GLAD TO GET OFF THIS POST
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THERE COMES A QUEER LOOKIN' DIRIGIBLE - OH, BABY, IS SHE STEPPING!
THIS IS NO DIRIGIBLE. THOSE LIGHT RAYS HOLD IT UP. IT'S A MONGOL RAIDER!
DUCK FOR COVER!
WHILE HIGH ABOVE THE EARTH
THOUGHT I SAW THREE TRIBESMEN ON THE TELEVISION VIEW PLATE. THROW THE PORT DISINTEGRATOR RAY ON THEM. WIPE THE BEASTS OUT!
AYE AYE, SIR
TO BE CONTINUED

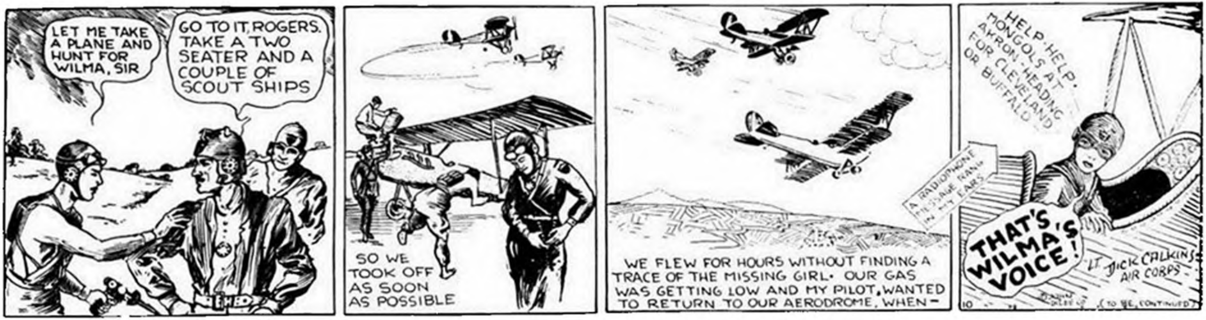


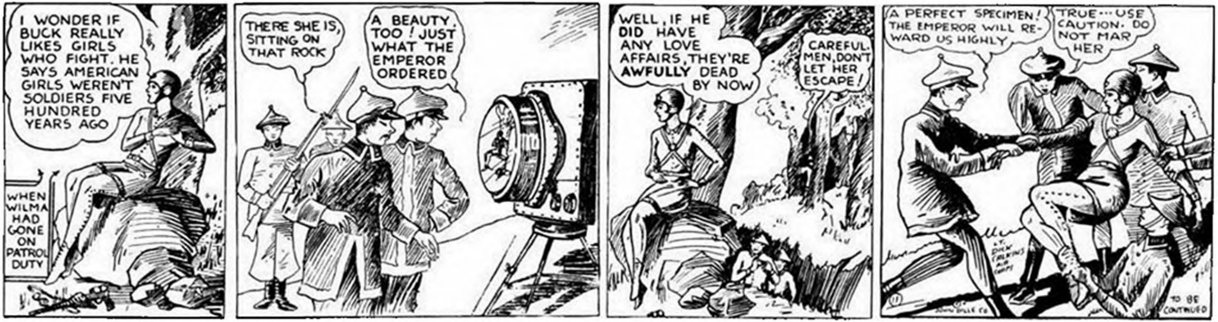
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"ON THE RUINS OF NEW YORK, SAN FRANCISCO, DETROIT, AND A DOZEN OTHERS, THE MONGOLS REARED CITIES OF SUPER SCIENTIFIC MAGNIFICENCE
THERE THEY SYNTHETICALLY PRODUCED MARVELOUS FOODS, TEXTILES, METALS, AND AMAZING LUXURIES, LEAVING TOWN ONLY FOR THE SPORT OF HUNTING WILD AMERICANS IN THE FORESTS."
-AND INDEED FOR SEVERAL GENERATIONS THE AMERICANS DID LIVE HUNTED LIVES IN THE FORESTS THAT GREW UP OVER THE ONCE CULTIVATED FARMS AND RUINED TOWNS AND CITIES. STILL THEY CHERISHED THE UNDYING FLAME OF FREEDOM, AND LITTLE BY LITTLE—
MUNITIONS DEPT
NO SMOKING
THE WIDELY SCATTERED AND LOOSELY BOUND ORGANIZATIONS OR "ORGS" BEGAN THE SLOW PROCESS OF REBUILDING A CIVILIZATION AND RECAPTURING LOST SCIENCE,
AND SO—
WE ARE NEARING THE TIME WHEN WE SHALL ONCE MORE STRIKE FOR FREEDOM
THEN COUNT ME IN. WHERE'S THE RECRUITING OFFICE
TO BE CONTINUED
7


WHAT PLACE IS THIS?
IT'S THE HEADQUARTERS OF OUR ORG. WE ARE THE PENNSYLVANIANS. THIS IS THE SITE OF THE ANCIENT CITY OF PHILADELPHIA
AN ANCIENT AMERICAN? SLEPT FIVE HUNDRED YEARS? NONSENSE. GIVE HIM THE CHAIR!
WHAT!
WHY WILMA— I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS OF YOU!
DONT BE RIDICULOUS, BUCK THIS ISN'T 1929
THIS IS WHAT COMES OF TRUSTING A WOMAN
READY THERE AT THE SWITCH?
YES SIR
8


AMAZING! THE ELECTRO-HYPNOTIC TESTS PROVE YOUR STATEMENTS TO BE THE TRUTH!
AND I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO EXECUTE ME
THEY TOOK ME BACK TO THE BIG BOSS, WHOSE NAME WAS MAGEE, AND AFTER I HAD BEEN PROPERLY OUT-FITTED-
AND HERE'S A ROCKET GUN, YOU ARE HEREBY RECEIVED INTO FULL BROTHERHOOD IN THE ALLEGHANY ORG
LITTLE BO-PEEP HAS LOST HER SHEEP, AND—
THE HABITS, CUSTOMS, AND DAILY ORG LIFE WAS IDENTICAL WITH THE LIFE I HAD ALWAYS KNOWN, SAVE THAT MEN AND WOMEN WERE UNDER MILITARY REGULATIONS. MEANTIME, WILMA WAS ON PATROL. --- ONE DAY
WILMA IS MISSING! SHE HASN'T REPORTED BY RADIOPHONE!
9


LET ME TAKE A PLANE AND HUNT FOR WILMA, SIR
GO TO IT, ROGERS. TAKE A TWO SEATER AND A COUPLE OF SCOUT SHIPS
SO WE TOOK OFF AS SOON AS POSSIBLE
WE FLEW FOR HOURS WITHOUT FINDING A TRACE OF THE MISSING GIRL. OUR GAS WAS GETTING LOW AND MY PILOT, WANTED TO RETURN TO OUR AERODROME, WHEN—
A RADIOPHONE MESSAGE RANG IN MY EARS
HELP-HELP. MONGOLS AT AKRON-HEADING FOR CLEVELAND OR BUFFALO
THAT'S WILMA'S VOICE!
LT. DICK CALKINS AIR CORPS
10
(TO BE CONTINUED)



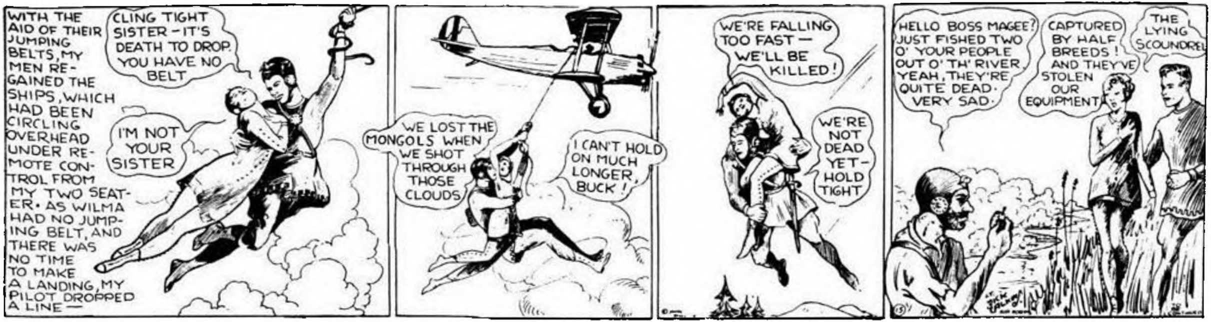
I WONDER IF BUCK REALLY LIKES GIRLS WHO FIGHT. HE SAYS AMERICAN GIRLS WEREN'T SOLDIERS FIVE HUNDRED YEARS AGO
WHEN WILMA HAD GONE ON PATROL DUTY
THERE SHE IS, SITTING ON THAT ROCK
A BEAUTY, TOO! JUST WHAT THE EMPEROR ORDERED
WELL, IF HE DID HAVE ANY LOVE AFFAIRS, THEY'RE AWFULLY DEAD BY NOW
CAREFUL, MEN, DON'T LET HER ESCAPE!
A PERFECT SPECIMEN! THE EMPEROR WILL REWARD US HIGHLY
TRUE... USE CAUTION. DO NOT MAR HER
11
TO BE CONTINUED



SHE SEEMS TO WEIGH ALMOST NOTHING
IT'S THAT BELT. OUR MOST SKILLFUL SCIENTISTS CAN NOT DISCOVER ITS SECRET
WELL, ANYHOW WE HAVE ONE BELT NOW
PUT IT ON. SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH IT
CATCH HER! SHE'S GETTING AWAY!
HELP! HELP! MONGOLS AT AKRON, HEADING FOR CLEVELAND OR BUFFALO!
-THIS WAS THE CRY I HEARD IN MY RADIO-PHONE AS OUR FORMATION TORE THROUGH THE HEAVENS!
12


GOOD! NOW WHOEVER LOSES THAT GIRL AGAIN LOSES HIS HEAD!
YOU'RE A BRAVE BUNCH OF HOODLUMS
IF YOU BROADCAST, THE AMERICAN TRIBESMEN WILL PICK UP YOUR MESSAGE
I'LL RISK IT. THE EMPEROR MUST SEE THIS BEAUTY IN HIS TELEVISION VIEWPLATE
AND IN THE EMPEROR'S PALACE
AH-H-H! I MUST INDEED HAVE HER. A SQUADRON SHALL GO AT ONCE TO CONVOY YOU
-AND SO WHILE MY THREE PLANES RUSHED THROUGH THE AIR, A MONGOL SQUADRON LEFT LOS ANGELES, THEIR CAPITAL, ALSO SEEKING WILMA.
CONTINUED


THERE SHE IS, BELOW, A PRISONER! DIVE DOWN ON THEM, AND LAND SHOOTING!
I FINALLY SPOTTED WILMA, AND JUMPED— MY INERTRON BELT ACTING AS A 'CHUTE
LOOK OUT FOR THAT DISINTEGRATOR RAY!
LEAVING THEIR SHIPS UNDER REMOTE CONTROL MY COMRADES FOLLOWED ME • IT WAS SOON OVER •
I KNEW YOU WOULD FIND ME BUCK
WILMA! DID THEY HURT YOU, LITTLE GIRL?
MONGOLS! THEY SEE US, TOO!
BACK TO YOUR PLANES, MEN • JUMP LIVELY, NOW!





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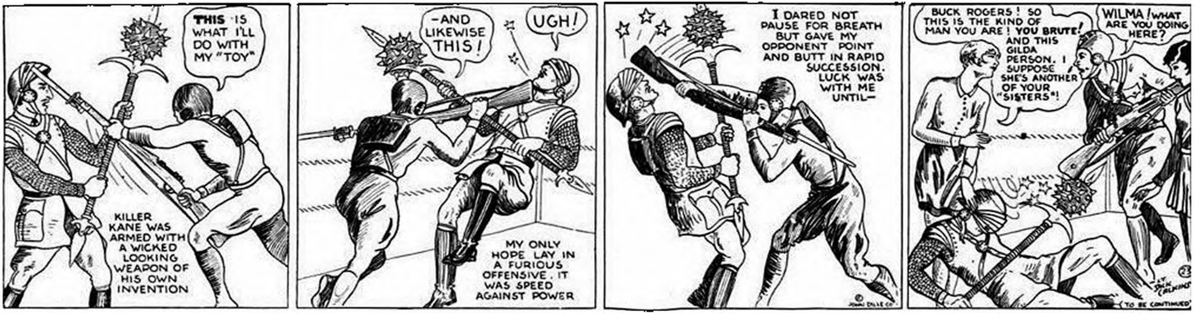
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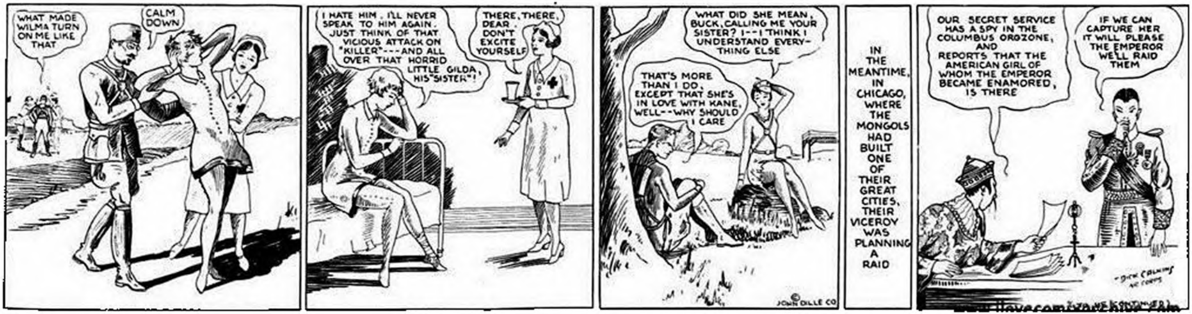

BUCK! BUCK! HE'S GOT ME!
WILMA BEING NEAREST, THE BEAR CHARGED AT HER WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED
STEADY NOW
LOOK OUT BUCK! HE'S GOING FOR YOU!
MY FIRST ARROW DISTRACTED THE ENRAGED BEAST'S ATTENTION FROM WILMA TO MYSELF
MY KNEES FEEL SHAKY
OH, BUCK DARLING! I THOUGHT HE WAS GOING TO KILL YOU. YOU SAVED MY LIFE
IT WAS MY LAST ARROW WHICH PENETRATED THE BRUTE'S BRAIN AND BROUGHT HIM DOWN
© JOHN DILLE CO.
SURRENDER! WE'VE GOT YOU COVERED
DUSK WAS FALLING AND WE WERE HURRYING AWAY FROM THE SPOT AS FAST AS WE COULD STUMBLE ALONG WHEN A VOICE HAILED US FROM THE TREES AHEAD
LT. DICK CALKINS AIR CORPS
(TO BE CONTINUED)

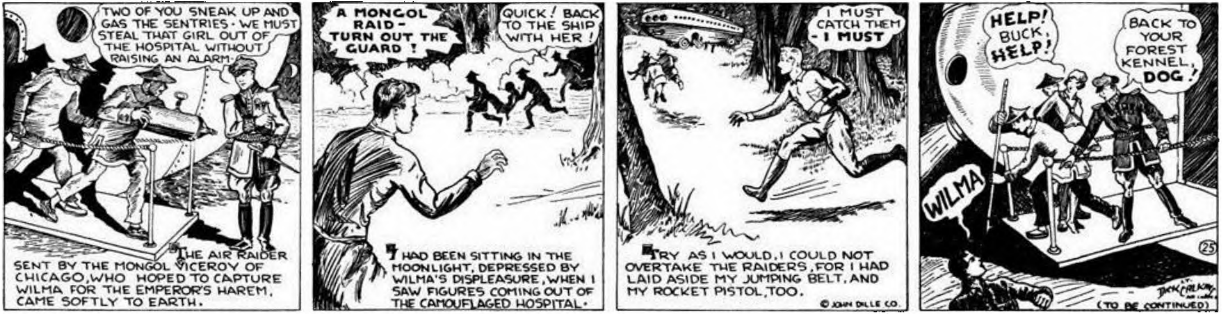

COLONEL EDWARDS!
THIS IS LUCK! WE THOUGHT YOU TWO WERE KILLED BY YOUR FALL
WE LANDED IN THE OHIO RIVER. THAT SAVED US
WE'RE CONVEYING A SHIPMENT OF GOODS TO THE CINCINNATI ORG. YOU WILL TAKE THIS DISPATCH TO THE COLUMBUS ORGZONE
YES SIR!
AFTER RESTING WITH COLONEL EDWARDS FOR A FEW DAYS, WE WERE AGAIN ON DUTY
THIS MUST BE THE OHIO RIVER, WILMA. COLONEL EDWARDS VEERED OFF TO THE SOUTH
WE'RE HEADING DUE WEST. BUT HOW SHALL WE CROSS? IT'S TOO WIDE TO JUMP ACROSS.
DONT YOU DARE LET GO, BUCK ROGERS! I'D FLOAT AWAY!
NOT IF YOU LET GO OF MY BELT, SISTER
I SOLVED THE PROBLEM BY GIVING WILMA, WHO COULD NOT SWIM, BOTH JUMPING BELTS WHICH HELD HER UP WHILE I SWAM THE RIVER, TOWING HER THROUGH THE AIR ABOVE ME —


AFTER CROSSING THE RIVER, WILMA AND I MADE OUR WAY LEISURELY OVER THE PRAIRIE THAT HAD ONCE BEEN OHIO FARM LANDS
THAT WAS A MEAN TUMBLE YOU TOOK SISTER. IS YOUR ANKLE ANY WORSE?
BUCK, I GIVE UP! I CAN'T GO ANY FURTHER
IS THIS THE COLUMBUS ORG-ZONE? I'M CAPTAIN ROGERS, GOT A CASUALTY HERE - SHE'S TWISTED HER ANKLE. WE'RE ON OFFICIAL BUSINESS
I CARRIED WILMA BY EASY STAGES, AND FINALLY REACHED THE COLUMBUS OUT-POST.
WILMA, DARLING, HOW DID THIS HAPPEN, AND WHO IS THIS FELLOW?
WHO'S THE TIN WOODMAN
SH! THAT'S THE FAMOUS "KILLER" KANE. HE'S WILMA'S OLD SUITOR.
YOU'LL EITHER KEEP AWAY FROM WILMA OR FIGHT ME!
WHY, YOU BIG STIFF, I'LL KNOCK YOU SO LOOSE YOU'LL RATTLE
21
(TO BE CONTINUED)


MY NAME IS GILDA- AND I'M ACTING AS YOUR SECOND. ACCORDING TO OUR CODE, YOU FIGHT UNTIL ONE OF YOU IS KNOCKED OUT OR KILLED. YOU PICK YOUR OWN WEAPONS AND EQUIPMENT
I'LL TAKE A RIFLE AND BAYONET. WHAT WAS GOOD ENOUGH FOR THE DOUGH-BOYS IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME
THE ORGBOSS HIMSELF GAVE US THE REQUISITION
IT SEEMS TO BE O.K. SIGN FOR THIS RIFLE AND BAYONET
SO WE WENT TO THE ARMORY
WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING TO DO WITH THAT TOY?
YOU'LL KNOW SOON ENOUGH
REMEMBER- NO FOULING OR DIRTY WORK- ON GUARD-READY- FIGHT!
© JOHN DILLE CO.


THIS IS WHAT I'LL DO WITH MY "TOY"
KILLER KANE WAS ARMED WITH A WICKED LOOKING WEAPON OF HIS OWN INVENTION
-AND LIKEWISE THIS!
UGH!
MY ONLY HOPE LAY IN A FURIOUS OFFENSIVE. IT WAS SPEED AGAINST POWER
I DARED NOT PAUSE FOR BREATH BUT GAVE MY OPPONENT POINT AND BUTT IN RAPID SUCCESSION. LUCK WAS WITH ME UNTIL—
© JOHN DILLE CO.
BUCK ROGERS! SO THIS IS THE KIND OF MAN YOU ARE! YOU BRUTE! AND THIS GILDA PERSON, I SUPPOSE SHE'S ANOTHER OF YOUR "SISTERS"!
WILMA! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
DICK CALKINS
(TO BE CONTINUED)


WHAT MADE WILMA TURN ON ME LIKE THAT
CALM DOWN
I HATE HIM. I'LL NEVER SPEAK TO HIM AGAIN. JUST THINK OF THAT VICIOUS ATTACK ON "KILLER"---AND ALL OVER THAT HORRID LITTLE GILDA, HIS "SISTER"!
THERE, THERE, DEAR. DON'T EXCITE YOURSELF
WHAT DID SHE MEAN, BUCK, CALLING ME YOUR SISTER? I--I THINK I UNDERSTAND EVERYTHING ELSE
THAT'S MORE THAN I DO, EXCEPT THAT SHE'S IN LOVE WITH KANE. WELL--WHY SHOULD I CARE
© JOHN DILLE CO
IN THE MEANTIME, IN CHICAGO, WHERE THE MONGOLS HAD BUILT ONE OF THEIR GREAT CITIES, THEIR VICEROY WAS PLANNING A RAID
OUR SECRET SERVICE HAS A SPY IN THE COLUMBUS ORGZONE, AND REPORTS THAT THE AMERICAN GIRL OF WHOM THE EMPEROR BECAME ENAMORED, IS THERE
IF WE CAN CAPTURE HER IT WILL PLEASE THE EMPEROR WE'LL RAID THEM
DICK CALKINS

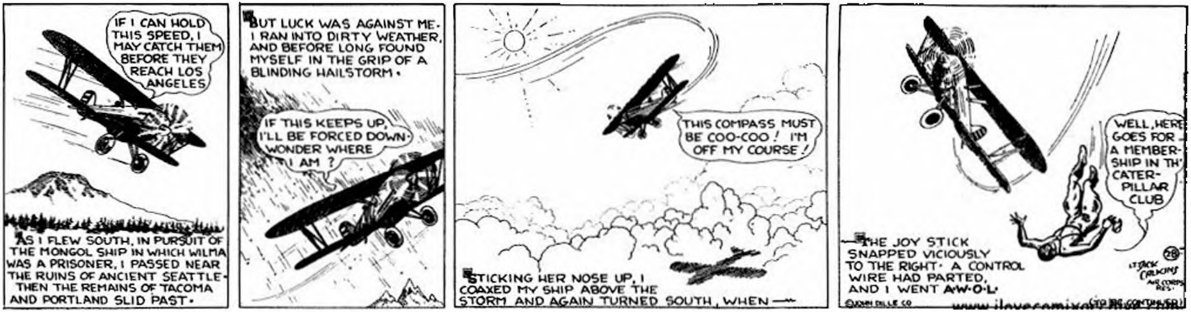


TWO OF YOU SNEAK UP AND GAS THE SENTRIES - WE MUST STEAL THAT GIRL OUT OF THE HOSPITAL WITHOUT RAISING AN ALARM.
THE AIR RAIDER SENT BY THE MONGOL VICEROY OF CHICAGO, WHO HOPED TO CAPTURE WILMA FOR THE EMPEROR'S HAREM, CAME SOFTLY TO EARTH.
A MONGOL RAID - TURN OUT THE GUARD !
QUICK! BACK TO THE SHIP WITH HER !
I HAD BEEN SITTING IN THE MOONLIGHT, DEPRESSED BY WILMA'S DISPLEASURE, WHEN I SAW FIGURES COMING OUT OF THE CAMOUFLAGED HOSPITAL.
I MUST CATCH THEM - I MUST
TRY AS I WOULD, I COULD NOT OVERTAKE THE RAIDERS, FOR I HAD LAID ASIDE MY JUMPING BELT, AND MY ROCKET PISTOL, TOO.
© JOHN DILLE CO.
HELP! BUCK, HELP!
BACK TO YOUR FOREST KENNEL, DOG !
WILMA
25
(TO BE CONTINUED)



WILMA GOT ONE CHANCE TO USE HER RADIOPHONE, SIR. THE MONGOLS ARE HEADING NORTHWEST, TOWARD VANCOUVER.
GIVE ME A SHIP, GENERAL - I MUST FOLLOW THEM !
POSITIVELY NO. YOU COULDN'T CATCH THEM. BESIDES, I HAVE NO PLANES TO WASTE
INSUBORDINATION OR NOT - I'M GOING TO RESCUE WILMA
BITTERLY DISAPPOINTED, I LEFT HEADQUARTERS, CRAZED WITH GRIEF, AND FINDING THE ORG'S ONLY SCOUT SHIP UNGUARDED, MADE MY DECISION IN AN INSTANT.
WHAT A SWELL PLACE FOR A DEAD STICK LANDING !
I FLEW NORTHWEST FOR HOURS, FIGHTING FOR EVERY OUNCE OF SPEED, WHEN SUDDENLY MY MOTOR CONKED COLD.
COULD THERE BE A TOUGHER BREAK ? GOSH, I'M LUCKY I DIDN'T CRACK UP ! THIS MUST BE BRITISH COLUMBIA - OR ELSE.
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TO BE CONTINUED


THE WORST OF IT IS, I DON'T KNOW WHETHER OR NOT THE MONGOLS HELD TO THEIR COURSE
FORCED DOWN IN BRITISH COLUMBIA, I SET FRANTICALLY TO WORK REPAIRING MY MOTOR.
HERE'S LUCK ON JUMPING BELTS! MUST BE CANADIAN ORGMEN.
MIGHTY GOOD OF YOU TO HELP GET MY MOTOR IN RUNNING ORDER. SO YOU'RE VANCOUVER MEN, EH?
YES, WE WERE TRANSFERRED FROM MONTREAL. OUR SCOUTS REPORT A MONGOL SHIP, SUCH AS YOU DESCRIBE, FLYING SOUTH, PROBABLY HEADING FOR SAN FRANCISCO OR LOS ANGELES.
© JOHN DILLE CO.
NOW, BABY, STRUT YOUR STUFF! STRAIGHT TO THE IMPERIAL CITY. I SEE IT ALL NOW— THOSE BUMS ARE TAKING WILMA TO THE EMPEROR.
LT. JACK CALKINS AIR CORPS RES.
27
(TO BE CONTINUED)


IF I CAN HOLD THIS SPEED, I MAY CATCH THEM BEFORE THEY REACH LOS ANGELES
AS I FLEW SOUTH, IN PURSUIT OF THE MONGOL SHIP IN WHICH WILMA WAS A PRISONER, I PASSED NEAR THE RUINS OF ANCIENT SEATTLE. THEN THE REMAINS OF TACOMA AND PORTLAND SLID PAST.
BUT LUCK WAS AGAINST ME. I RAN INTO DIRTY WEATHER, AND BEFORE LONG FOUND MYSELF IN THE GRIP OF A BLINDING HAILSTORM.
IF THIS KEEPS UP, I'LL BE FORCED DOWN. WONDER WHERE I AM?
THIS COMPASS MUST BE COO-COO! I'M OFF MY COURSE!
STICKING HER NOSE UP, I COAXED MY SHIP ABOVE THE STORM AND AGAIN TURNED SOUTH, WHEN—
WELL, HERE GOES FOR A MEMBERSHIP IN TH' CATERPILLAR CLUB
THE JOY STICK SNAPPED VICIOUSLY TO THE RIGHT. A CONTROL WIRE HAD PARTED, AND I WENT A.W.O.L.
28
LT. JACK CALKINS AIR CORPS RES.
©JOHN DILLE CO.
(TO BE CONTINUED)


IT MUST HAVE BEEN ABOUT THE TIME MY LITTLE PLANE CRACKED UP ON THE ARIZONA DESERT THAT WILMA'S CAPTORS LANDED ON THE ROOF OF THE IMPERIAL PALACE AT LOS ANGELES.
MOST FORTUNATE LADY, I AM BARLA KA-NIZRA, GRAND WAZI OF THE EMPEROR'S HAREM - GORGEOUS RAIMENT AND LUXURIES AWAIT YOU - HIS NEWEST FAVORITE
I WILL KILL MYSELF! I DESPISE YOU AND YOUR EMPEROR!
I WON'T WEAR THAT DEGRADING GARB!
BUT YOU MUST - THE MOST MAGNIFICENT'S EYES MAY NOT BE OFFENDED BY BARBARIAN CLOTHING
AH-H-H! AT LAST! MY DEAR, DO YOU NOT THRILL THAT YOU ARE THE BELOVED OF BUDDHA'S GIFT TO WOMEN?
NO! YOU BEAST! LEAVE ME ALONE!
BUT IN THE END THEY FORCED WILMA TO WEAR THE MONGOL ATTIRE, BY DISTROYING HER OWN CLOTHING.
© JOHN DILLE CO
HO, THERE! KA-BOR! KA-MURRO! THIS LITTLE FOOL SPURNS YOUR EMPEROR! GIVE HER TEN DAYS TO CHANGE HER MIND - IF SHE DOESN'T, REMOVE HER MEMORY!
TO HEAR IS TO OBEY
TO BE CONTINUED


GREAT SCOTT! I FORGOT TO CUT THE GUN!
MY JUMPING BELT WAS DRIFTING ME SLOWLY DOWNWARD, WHEN SUDDENLY THE UNCONTROLLED SHIP DOVE PAST ME WITH A ROARING MOTOR AND SCREAMING WIRES.
WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!
I DROPPED INTO THE CLOUD BANK, WITH MY SHIP SNORING AROUND IN THE MIST, AS THOUGH A PHANTOM PILOT HELD THE STICK. AGAIN IT HURLED ITS DIM BULK PAST ME
WHAM-O! THERE SHE BLOWS!
WE HIT THE ARIZONA DESERT TOGETHER.
NO FOOD-AND LESS WATER! I WONDER HOW WIDE THIS DESERT IS.
MY ONLY HOPE WAS TO LEAP MY WAY ACROSS THE BURNING SANDS, WITH THE AID OF MY JUMPING BELT.
DICK CALKINS
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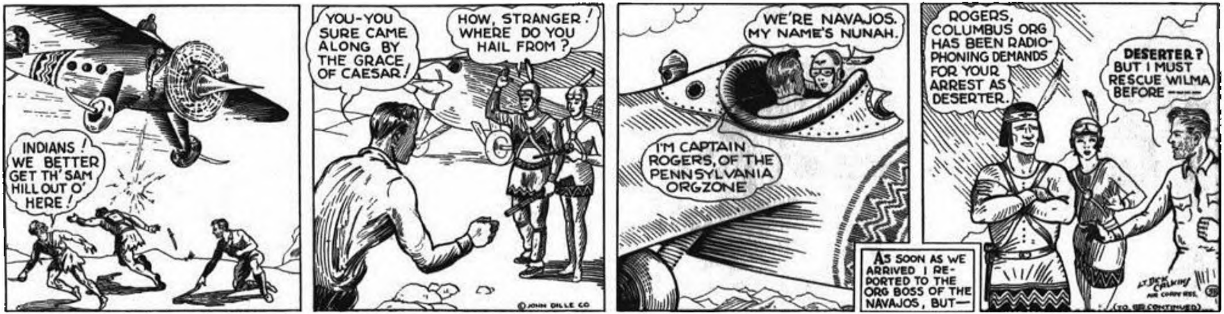

DESPERATELY I FOUGHT, SCRAMBLED, AND THREW MYSELF TOWARD THE SIDE OF THE SLIDE,..AND FINALLY FLUNG CLEAR OF IT.
THAT CAME NEAR BEING MY FINISH!
BUT THE "NEVER-SAY-DIE" SPIRIT OF MY PIONEER ANCESTORS URGED ME TO CARRY ON.
© JOHN DILLE CO.
BY MID AFTERNOON, I FELL BESIDE A BRACKISH DESERT WATER HOLE. THIS REVIVED ME AND I STUMBLED ON.
AS THE DAY WANED, THE EVENING GALE, RUSHING THROUGH SOME GAP IN THE RIDGE, SWEPT A STORM OF DESERT DUST THAT ALMOST BURIED ME.
TO BE CONTINUED


WHILE BUCK WAS FIGHTING FOR HIS LIFE ON THE DESERT—
WILMA FOUND MONGOLIAN CITY LIFE NOT UNPLEASANT FOR A PROSPECTIVE FAVORITE OF THE EMPEROR.
IS THE TEMPERATURE PLEASING TO MY LADY?
OH, QUITE! ESPECIALLY AFTER THE OLD SWIMMING HOLE.
© JOHN DILLE CO.
WHAT A DELICIOUS BREAKFAST! THESE SYNTHETIC FOODS ARE MARVELOUS. —MOJAH, SEE WHO IS AT THE DOOR.
KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK
HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY REQUESTS THE PRESENCE OF MY LADY WILMA TO REHEARSE HER COMING INVESTITURE AS FAVORITE.
FAVORITE? DON'T BE SILLY!


BUDDHA SPEED THE DAY WHEN THOU WILT BE MINE OH LOVELY ONE.
THE MONGOL EMPEROR BIDED HIS TIME UNTIL THE AGE-OLD CEREMONIES SHOULD BE COMPLETED.
WHAT IS THIS, A MUSICAL COMEDY?
WILMA WAS REQUIRED TO REHEARSE THE CEREMONY AT WHICH THE EMPEROR HOPED TO MAKE HER HIS FAVORITE, ALTHOUGH SHE NEVER INTENDED TO GO THROUGH WITH IT.
IN THE MEANTIME
THE WIND WAS LIKE A ROARING BLAST FROM A FURNACE, AND THE SAND CUT LIKE A THOUSAND TINY KNIVES.

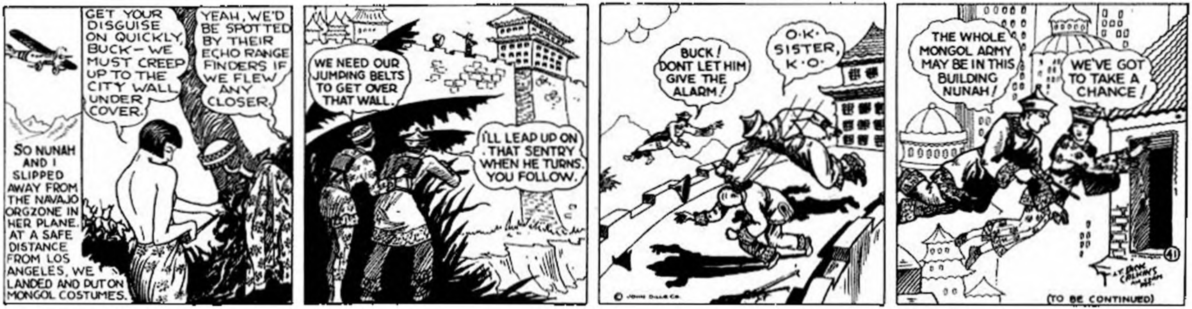

STILL, IT'S THE ONLY WAY. I'LL HAVE TO CLIMB IT.
I WEATHERED THE SANDSTORM, BUT ONLY TO REACH AN UNSURMOUNTABLE CLIFF.
CAN THAT BE A WAY OUT?
AFTER UNSUCCESSFULLY TRYING TO SCALE THE BARRIER, I FOLLOWED ALONG ITS BASE, UNTIL--
HA! LOOK! LET'S SOCK HIM!
SURE! WE KIN USE HIS CLOTHES.
I HAD INDEED FOUND A PASS THROUGH THE RIDGE, BUT WHEN I EMERGED FROM THE OTHER END ----


IT'S LUCKY YOU FOUND US, PARTNER! YOU LOOK DONE OUT.
YEAH! LIGHT AND HITCH! WE'LL TAKE CARE O'YE.
THANKS! BUT I'M IN A HURRY–
GRAB HIM! CUT HIM DOWN!
HEY, YOU! COME BACK HERE!
–AND I HAVE NO JUMPING BELT!
IF I CAN TAKE THEM ON ONE AT A TIME, I'LL HAVE THE SITUATION WELL IN HAND.
© JOHN DILLE CO
HA! I GOTCHA!
LT. DICK CALKINS AIR CORPS RES.
(TO BE CONTINUED)

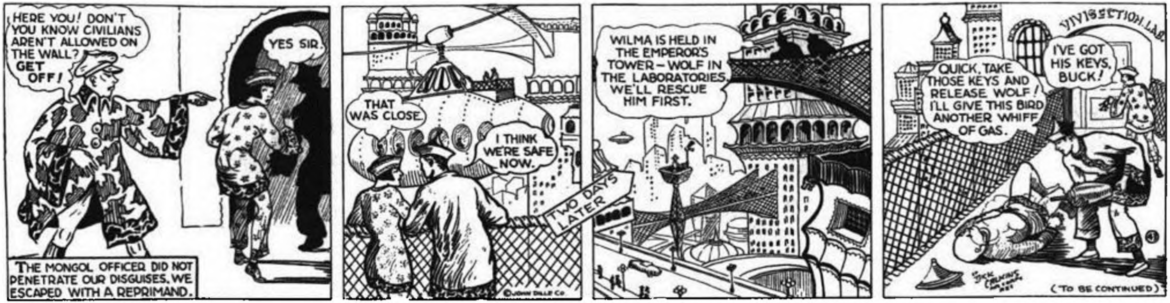

INDIANS! WE BETTER GET TH' SAM HILL OUT O' HERE!
YOU-YOU SURE CAME ALONG BY THE GRACE OF CAESAR!
HOW, STRANGER! WHERE DO YOU HAIL FROM?
© JOHN DILLE CO
WE'RE NAVAJOS. MY NAME'S NUNAH.
I'M CAPTAIN ROGERS, OF THE PENNSYLVANIA ORGZONE
AS SOON AS WE ARRIVED I REPORTED TO THE ORG BOSS OF THE NAVAJOS, BUT—
ROGERS, COLUMBUS ORG HAS BEEN RADIO-PHONING DEMANDS FOR YOUR ARREST AS DESERTER.
DESERTER? BUT I MUST RESCUE WILMA BEFORE ——
LT. DICK CALKINS AIR CORPS RES.
(TO BE CONTINUED)


AND SO, WHILE WILMA LANGUISHED, A PRISONER OF THE MONGOLS IN LOS ANGELES, I SAT CHAINED IN THE UNDERGROUND GUARDHOUSE OF THE NAVAJOS.
YOU'RE FOOLISH, WILMA. LIFE FOR AN EMPEROR'S FAVORITE IS A DREAM OF BLISS.
WITH THAT OLD GOAT? NEVER! I'LL DIE FIRST
©JOHN DILLE CO.
WELL, YOU MIGHT AT LEAST ENJOY THE TELEVISION. WE CAN TUNE IN ON ANY VIEW YOU WISH.
I WISH I KNEW WHAT BUCK WAS DOING!
MEANWHILE, IN MY DESERT DUNGEON
SH-H-H! IF I LET YOU ESCAPE WITH A PLANE, WOULD YOU TRY TO GET INTO THE MONGOL CITY?
-AND RESCUE WILMA? I'LL SAY SO!
TO BE CONTINUED

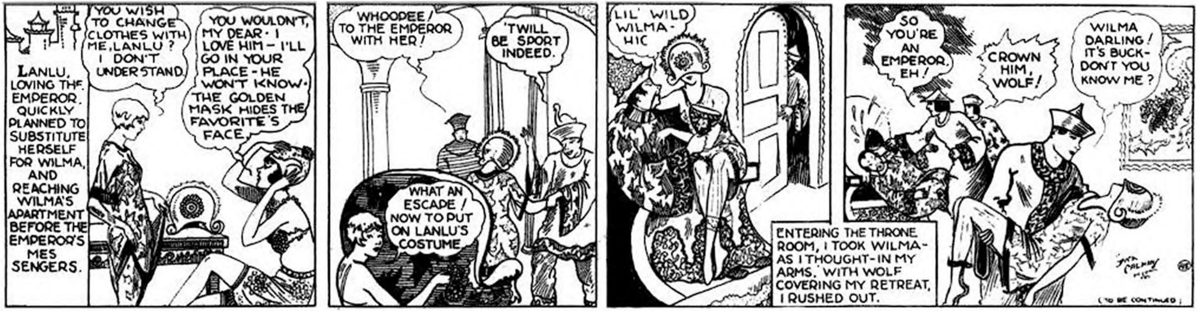

-AND YOU WOULD LET ME ESCAPE? WHY?
BECAUSE I AM IN LOVE WITH LONE WOLF. WHEN LAST I SAW HIM—
SEE NUNAH DEAREST— THERE WE'LL BUILD OUR LITTLE HOME.
THEN, ONE DAY, HIS PLANE WAS BROUGHT DOWN BY A MONGOL SHIP, AND ——
HE'S ONLY STUNNED, SIR.
GOOD! A SPLENDID SPECIMEN FOR OUR VIVISECTION LABORATORIES.
©JOHN DILLE CO.
I HAVE MADE A VOW TO RESCUE HIM, IF HE IS STILL ALIVE. SO I SHALL DESERT MY ORG AND HELD YOU AT ANY COST.
WE'LL RESCUE BOTH WILMA AND WOLF!

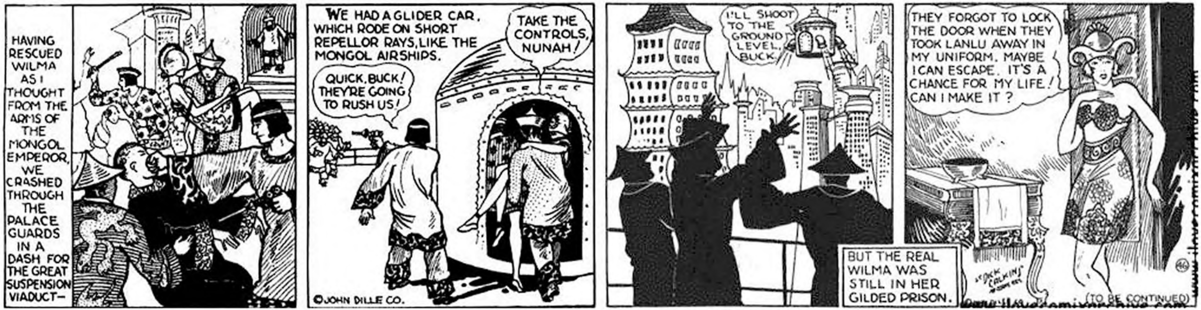

GET YOUR DISGUISE ON QUICKLY, BUCK– WE MUST CREEP UP TO THE CITY WALL UNDER COVER.
YEAH, WE'D BE SPOTTED BY THEIR ECHO RANGE FINDERS IF WE FLEW ANY CLOSER.
SO NUNAH AND I SLIPPED AWAY FROM THE NAVAJO ORGZONE IN HER PLANE. AT A SAFE DISTANCE FROM LOS ANGELES, WE LANDED AND PUT ON MONGOL COSTUMES.
WE NEED OUR JUMPING BELTS TO GET OVER THAT WALL.
I'LL LEAP UP ON THAT SENTRY WHEN HE TURNS. YOU FOLLOW.
BUCK! DONT LET HIM GIVE THE ALARM!
O·K· SISTER, K·O·
© JOHN DILLE CO.
THE WHOLE MONGOL ARMY MAY BE IN THIS BUILDING NUNAH!
WE'VE GOT TO TAKE A CHANCE!
41
(TO BE CONTINUED)


THESE JUMPING BELTS ARE A BIG HELP.
AT THE MOMENT NUNAH AND I HURLED OURSELVES ACROSS THE CHASM FROM THE WALL INTO THE WINDOW, WILMA, IN HER LUXURIOUS PRISON APARTMENT, HAPPENED TO TUNE US IN ON THE TELE-VISION, AND—
IT'S BUCK IN DISGUISE! AND WITH A MONGOL GIRL ANOTHER "SISTER", I SUPPOSE. OH, HOW I HATE HIM!
NOW WE'LL SLIP OUT AND MIX WITH THE CROWDS–
FIRST–I'LL HIDE OUR JUMPING BELTS.
ENTERING THROUGH THE WINDOW WE FOUND THE ROOM UNOCCUPIED.
©JOHN DILLE CO.
HERE! WHAT'S THIS? CIVILIANS ON THE WALL? WHERE'S THE SENTRY?
PARDON US–WE TOOK THE WRONG DOOR.
IF HE SQUAWKS, I'LL BUMP HIM.
42
(TO BE CONTINUED)


HERE YOU! DON'T YOU KNOW CIVILIANS AREN'T ALLOWED ON THE WALL? GET OFF!
YES SIR.
THE MONGOL OFFICER DID NOT PENETRATE OUR DISGUISES. WE ESCAPED WITH A REPRIMAND.
THAT WAS CLOSE.
I THINK WE'RE SAFE NOW.
TWO DAYS LATER
WILMA IS HELD IN THE EMPEROR'S TOWER — WOLF IN THE LABORATORIES. WE'LL RESCUE HIM FIRST.
VIVISECTION LAB
QUICK, TAKE THOSE KEYS AND RELEASE WOLF! I'LL GIVE THIS BIRD ANOTHER WHIFF OF GAS.
I'VE GOT HIS KEYS, BUCK!
(TO BE CONTINUED)


AFTER GASSING THE DOCTOR, I RUSHED INTO THE VIVI-SECTION LAB TO FIND—
NUNAH, DARLING!
WOLF! DEAREST.
BREAK AWAY AND PUT ON THIS DISGUISE, WOLF. WE'VE GOT TO DO A FADE OUT.
NOW TO THE EMPEROR'S TOWER FOR WILMA!
WE GOT IN A CAR THAT SHOT US UP TO THE NINETY FOURTH LEVEL.
THIS IS AGONY— COOPED UP LIKE THIS. I WISH SOMETHING WOULD HAPPEN.
WHILE ON THE TOPMOST FLOOR OF THE EMPEROR'S PALACE, WILMA—
HO, THERE! BRING IN-HIC-THAT LI'L WILD WILMA FOR OUR ROY-ROY-HIC, ROY'L SPORT.
NOW- IS MY CHANCE!


LANLU, LOVING THE EMPEROR, QUICKLY PLANNED TO SUBSTITUTE HERSELF FOR WILMA, AND REACHING WILMA'S APARTMENT BEFORE THE EMPEROR'S MES SENGERS.
YOU WISH TO CHANGE CLOTHES WITH ME, LANLU? I DON'T UNDERSTAND.
YOU WOULDN'T, MY DEAR - I LOVE HIM - I'LL GO IN YOUR PLACE - HE WON'T KNOW - THE GOLDEN MASK HIDES THE FAVORITE'S FACE.
WHOOPEE! TO THE EMPEROR WITH HER!
'TWILL BE SPORT INDEED.
WHAT AN ESCAPE! NOW TO PUT ON LANLU'S COSTUME.
LIL' WILD WILMA - HIC
ENTERING THE THRONE ROOM, I TOOK WILMA - AS I THOUGHT - IN MY ARMS. WITH WOLF COVERING MY RETREAT, I RUSHED OUT.
SO YOU'RE AN EMPEROR, EH!
CROWN HIM, WOLF!
WILMA DARLING! IT'S BUCK - DON'T YOU KNOW ME?
(TO BE CONTINUED)

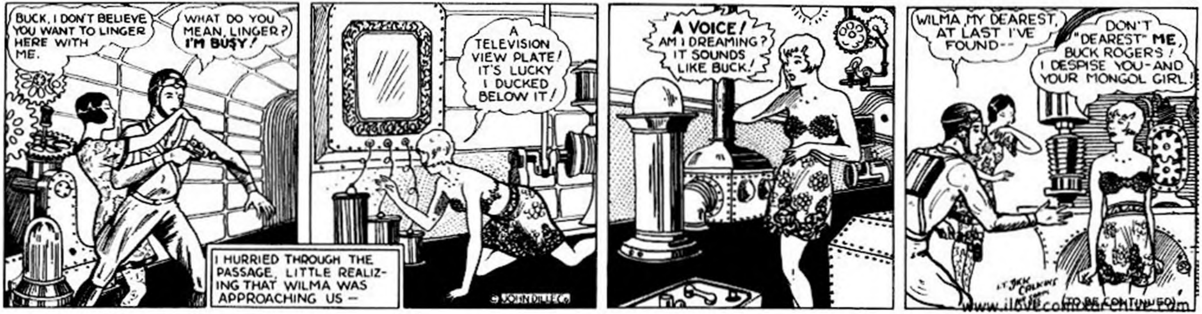

HAVING RESCUED WILMA AS I THOUGHT FROM THE ARMS OF THE MONGOL EMPEROR, WE CRASHED THROUGH THE PALACE GUARDS IN A DASH FOR THE GREAT SUSPENSION VIADUCT—
WE HAD A GLIDER CAR, WHICH RODE ON SHORT REPELLOR RAYS, LIKE THE MONGOL AIRSHIPS.
TAKE THE CONTROLS, NUNAH!
QUICK, BUCK! THEY'RE GOING TO RUSH US!
©JOHN DILLE CO.
I'LL SHOOT TO THE GROUND LEVEL, BUCK.
BUT THE REAL WILMA WAS STILL IN HER GILDED PRISON.
THEY FORGOT TO LOCK THE DOOR WHEN THEY TOOK LANLU AWAY IN MY UNIFORM. MAYBE I CAN ESCAPE. IT'S A CHANCE FOR MY LIFE! CAN I MAKE IT?
(TO BE CONTINUED)



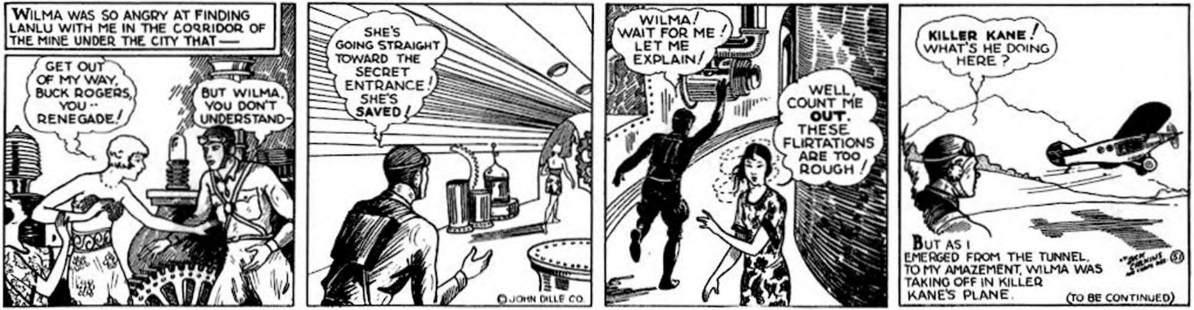


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WILMA WAS SO ANGRY AT FINDING LANLU WITH ME IN THE CORRIDOR OF THE MINE UNDER THE CITY THAT—
GET OUT OF MY WAY, BUCK ROGERS, YOU -- RENEGADE!
BUT WILMA, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND-
SHE'S GOING STRAIGHT TOWARD THE SECRET ENTRANCE! SHE'S SAVED!
© JOHN DILLE CO.
WILMA! WAIT FOR ME! LET ME EXPLAIN!
WELL, COUNT ME OUT. THESE FLIRTATIONS ARE TOO ROUGH!
KILLER KANE! WHAT'S HE DOING HERE?
BUT AS I EMERGED FROM THE TUNNEL, TO MY AMAZEMENT, WILMA WAS TAKING OFF IN KILLER KANE'S PLANE.
(TO BE CONTINUED)


FRANTIC AT THE SIGHT OF WILMA IN KILLER KANE'S PLANE, I MADE A DESPERATE LEAP AFTER THEM BUT--
TAKE ME HOME, KILLER. I'M SICK OF EVERYTHING.
THAT'S WHAT I CAME FOR, WILMA.
OF COURSE I FELL FAR SHORT.
WITH A CONTINENT TO LAND ON, HOW COME THAT MUT TO PICK THIS SPOT?
WHY, HE HAD TRAILED YOU TO OUR ORGZONE.
AND I HAD RADIO-PHONED THAT YOU HAD RESCUED WILMA.
SO THE YELLOW PUP CUT IN JUST IN TIME TO GRAB WILMA AND THE CREDIT TOO? I'M GOING TO BORROW A PLANE AND GET HIM-
WE'LL JUMP FOR MY ORG-ZONE- WOLF WILL FOLLOW- HE CAN RUN LIKE AN ANTELOPE!
HOWEVER, THE NAVAJO ORGBOSS BLOCKED ME.
© JOHN DILLE CO.
NO, ROGERS. I'M SORRY, BUT I CAN'T LET YOU GO. YOU'RE STILL UNDER ARREST.
—BUT SHE'S WITH THAT DOG KANE!
(TO BE CONTINUED)





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ME AN OUTLAW! THAT'S A HOT ONE.
STRIPPED OF ALL MY EQUIPMENT EXCEPT MY JUMPING BELT, I WAS DRIVEN INTO THE DESERT.
AFTER HOURS OF STEADY JUMPING UNDER A PITILESS SUN.
I'M GETTING NOWHERE FAST. I-I- GUESS I'LL LIE DOWN A MINUTE.
AN ORGMAN! I HOPE HIS BOOTS FIT ME.
DEADER'N A DOORNAIL.
© JOHN DILLE CO.
HE AIN'T DEAD!
I'LL SAY I'M NOT YOU RATS!
55
(TO BE CONTINUED)


THE GOOD OLD "ONE-TWO" PUNCH I HAD LEARNED IN THE ARMY DROPPED ONE OF THE DESERT RATS COLD. A RIGHT HOOK TO THE JAW AND THE OTHER HEARD THE BIRDIES SING.
ZOWIE! RIGHT ON THE BUTTON!
OH WILMA, DARLING IT'S WONDERFUL TO HAVE YOU BACK.
HELEN, TELL ME WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON!
IN THE MEANTIME WILMA HAD BEEN TAKEN HOME BY KILLER KANE.
© JOHN DILLE CO.
–AND SO AT MAGEE'S DEMAND THE NAVAJOS OUTLAWED BUCK!
WHY, WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
SHE MEANS I GOT MAGEE TO OUTLAW THAT DIRTY MONGOL SPY, ROGERS.
OH! OH! WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN!
56


WHEN WILMA LEARNED I HAD BEEN OUT-LAWED, LOVE OVER-CAME HER JEALOUSY AND–
COLONEL MAGEE! HOW DID YOU DARE OUTLAW BUCK ROGERS?
STEADY GIRL, STEADY! HE'S A SPY!
HE'S NOT A SPY! I DON'T CARE WHAT KANE SAYS! YOU GIVE ME A PLANE. I'M GOING AFTER HIM!
GO IF YOU WISH, BUT REMEMBER, THAT WILL MAKE YOU AN OUTLAW, TOO!
I DON'T CARE! HE SACRIFICED EVERYTHING TO RESCUE ME!
©JOHN DILLE CO.
OH, HELEN, PRAY THAT I FIND BUCK BEFORE ANYTHING HAPPENS TO HIM.
I PUT SUPPLIES AND EQUIPMENT ABOARD, WILMA! HAPPY LANDINGS!
57
(TO BE CONTINUED)


SOME DAY THESE RATS WILL LEARN TO LEAVE ME ALONE.
AS I STOOD TRIUMPHANT OVER THE DESERT HALF BREEDS, AN IDEA CAME TO ME, AND----
I'LL FILL THEIR SHIRTS WITH SAND FOR BALLAST-
THEN THESE ANTI-GRAVITY BELTS WILL MAKE A SWELL BALLOON.
© JOHN DILLE CO.
YEAH, SO I HEAR.
HEY! YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THAT!
57
(TO BE CONTINUED)


BLAST HIM! HE'S GOT OUR BELTS AND SHIRTS!
THIS WIND OUGHT TO CARRY ME SOMEWHERE
THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS! I MUST DROP MORE BALLAST TO CLEAR THEM!
© JOHN DILLE CO.
WHAT IF I SHOULD DRIFT OFF INTO SPACE ?
BUT I LET DOWN TOO MUCH SAND - AND KEPT ON RISING HOWEVER I HATED TO LOSE THE BELTS SO ——
(TO BE CONTINUED)


I HATE TO SACRIFICE LIFTING POWER, BUT I'LL HAVE TO
I FOUND THE ANTI-GRAVITY SUBSTANCE IN THESE JUMPING BELTS COULD BE CUT EASILY WITH MY PEN KNIFE.
I MIGHT AS WELL LAND HERE AND HUNT FOR SUPPER
© JOHN DILLE CO.
SOME RABBIT! FOR A MERE OUTLAW, I SEEM TO BE DOING WELL!
STICK 'EM UP, STRANGER!
(TO BE CONTINUED)


YOU GUESSED IT — I'M AN OUTLAW.
GLAD T' KNOW IT, PARDNER. I'M ANOTHER
IN THE MEAN-TIME WILMA HAD REACHED THE NAVAJO ORGZONE.
BUT NUNAH, AREN'T YOU IN LOVE WITH BUCK?
WHY OF COURSE NOT!
WILMA, THAT'S NOT A NAVAJO PLANE. NOW WHO--
WHY--WHY-- IT'S KILLER KANE!
© JOHN DILLE CO
WILMA, MY BELOVED! YOU'VE LED ME ACROSS A CONTINENT, BUT NOW-
DON'T YOU DARE TOUCH ME, YOU SNEAK!
LT DICK CALKINS AIR CORPS RES.
TO BE CONTINUED

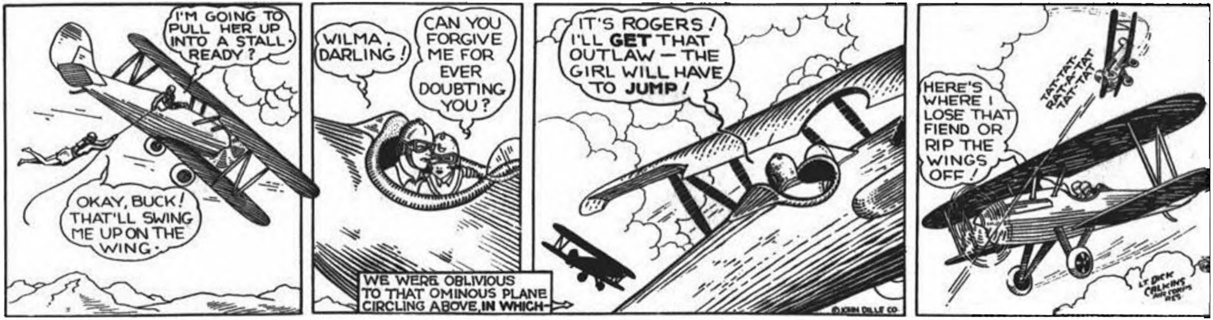

WHAT SAY WE GRAB SOME SLEEP - I'M DEAD. ARE YOU PLAYING A LONE HAND?
NAW - THEY'S LOTS OF US OUTLAWS IN THESE HYAR MOUNTIN'S. I'M LABELED TWO GUN PETE
I LEFT TWO EXTRA JUMPING BELTS BACK THERE, PETE. WANT 'EM?
WHUT FER? I GOT A HOSS. WE'LL HEAD FER THE HIDE OUT.
LAY OFF! I'M A FRIEND OF PETE'S
YEE-EE-OW! PETE'S BRUNG IN A TENDER-FOOT!
SAY-Y-Y- WHAT'S THE IDEA?
NUTHIN' STRANGER, ON'Y YUH GOTTA BE INITIATED. PUT UP YORE DUKES.
LT DICK CALKINS AIR CORPS RES
© JOHN DILLE CO
TO BE CONTINUED


I THREW MY RIGHT INTO HIS SOLAR PLEXUS
O-OOF!
HAW-HAW I HAFTA LAFF!
HAW HAW YOURSELF. LAUGH **THAT** OFF!
© JOHN DILLE CO.
HOLD YORE HOSSES, HERE COMES ONE O' THEM DURN MECHANICAL BUZZARDS!
-AND FALLING OUT OF CONTROL, THE POOR DEVIL!
LT. DICK CALKINS
TO BE CONTINUED

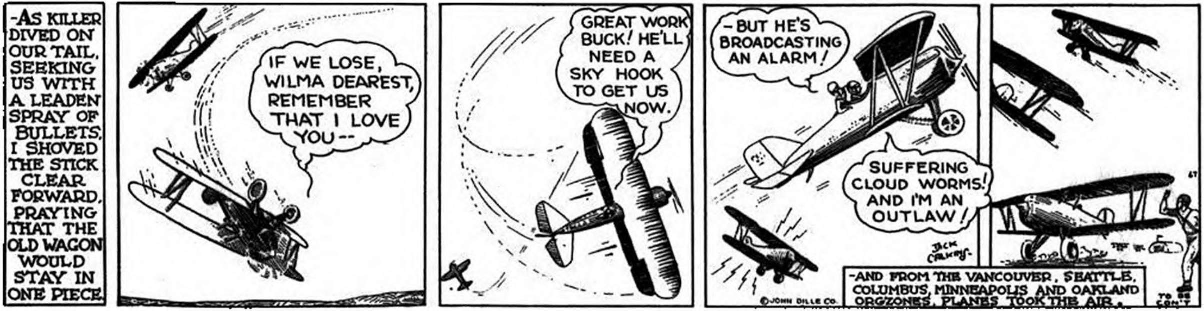

BUT WILMA, MY DARLING-
I'M **NOT** YOUR DARLING, KILLER KANE. AND YOU **LIED** ABOUT BUCK!
49-X PG 1
-WHILE BUCK WAS BATTLING WITH THE OUTLAWS-
-SO YOU DON'T NEED TO WORRY.
SHE'LL BE **MINE**, OR NOBODY'S!
HURRY, WILMA, HURRY!
© JOHN DILLE CO
THIS IS GOING TO BE A PERFECT **WOW**!
LT. DICK CALKINS AIR CORPS RES.



WHAT DID YOU DO TO MY PLANE?
OH, I FORGOT TO TELL YOU· I PUT WATER IN THE GAS BY MISTAKE—I'M **SO** SORRY!
SO WILMA GOT A LONG LEAD ON KILLER KANE· MEANTIME, AMONG THE OUTLAWS
YEAH, HE'S GONE WEST
THAT'S DARN QUEER, —HIS CRATE'S OKAY· I'M GOIN' UP·
©JOHN DILLE CO·
NOSING UP THROUGH THE CLOUDS, I SAW TWO PLANES COLLIDE, AND ONE PILOT LEAP CLEAR·
WILMA!
I DIVED, JUST A LITTLE FASTER THAN THE FALLING PILOT, TRAILING A LINE·
TO BE CONTINUED

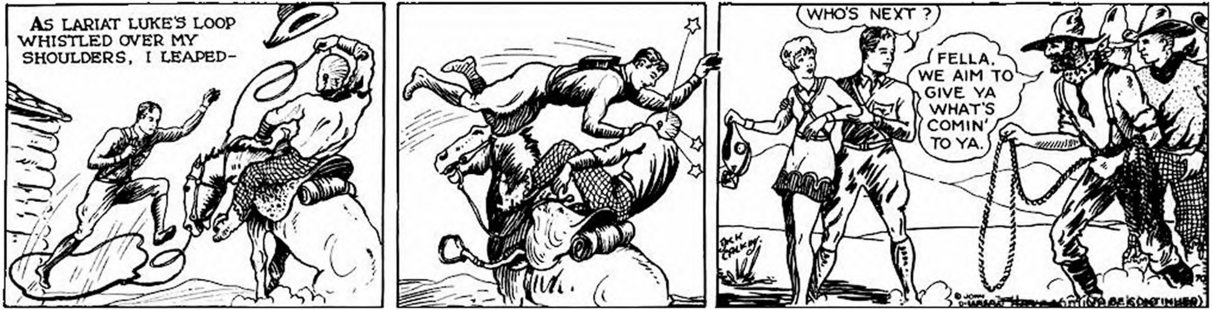


I'M GOING TO PULL HER UP INTO A STALL· READY?
OKAY, BUCK! THAT'LL SWING ME UP ON THE WING·
WILMA, DARLING!
CAN YOU FORGIVE ME FOR EVER DOUBTING YOU?
WE WERE OBLIVIOUS TO THAT OMINOUS PLANE CIRCLING ABOVE, **IN WHICH**—
IT'S ROGERS! I'LL **GET** THAT OUTLAW—THE GIRL WILL HAVE TO **JUMP**!
©JOHN DILLE CO.
HERE'S WHERE I LOSE THAT FIEND OR RIP THE WINGS OFF!
TAT-TAT-RAT-A-TAT TAT-TAT

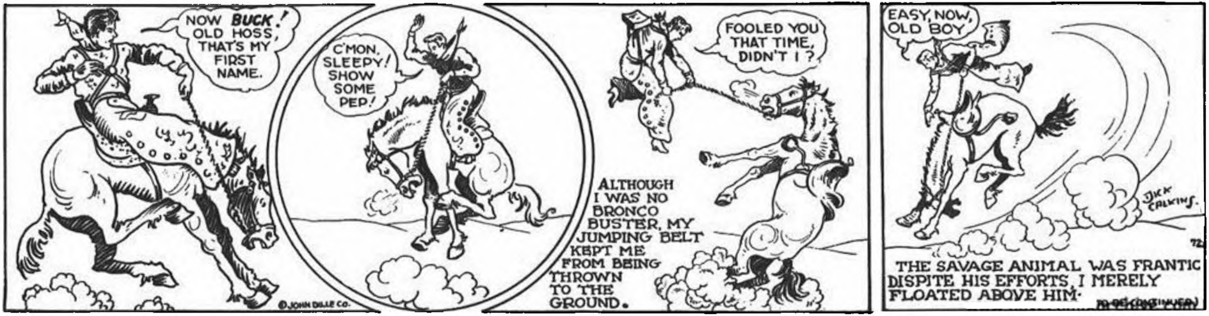

-AS KILLER DIVED ON OUR TAIL, SEEKING US WITH A LEADEN SPRAY OF BULLETS, I SHOVED THE STICK CLEAR FORWARD, PRAYING THAT THE OLD WAGON WOULD STAY IN ONE PIECE.
IF WE LOSE, WILMA DEAREST, REMEMBER THAT I LOVE YOU--
GREAT WORK BUCK! HE'LL NEED A SKY HOOK TO GET US NOW.
-BUT HE'S BROADCASTING AN ALARM!
SUFFERING CLOUD WORMS! AND I'M AN OUTLAW!
DICK CALKINS
©JOHN DILLE CO.
-AND FROM THE VANCOUVER, SEATTLE, COLUMBUS, MINNEAPOLIS AND OAKLAND ORGZONES, PLANES TOOK THE AIR.
67

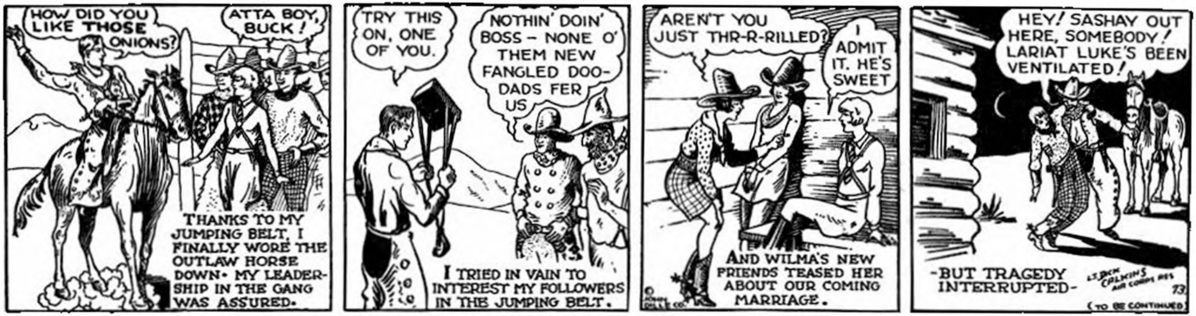

THERE WAS LITTLE CHANCE OF BREAKING THROUGH THE AIR CORDON, SO-
WE BETTER LAND BEFORE WE'RE SHOT DOWN.
SUFFERIN' RATTLE SNAKES! HE PLUCKS GALS OUT O' TH' AIR!
WILMA, THIS IS MY FRIEND, TWO-GUN-PETE
I'M PLEEZED T' MEETCHA. TH' MISSUS WILL BE, TOO!
YOU MAY HAVE TO FIGHT FOR WILMA BUCK. GALS IS SCARCE IN THESE PARTS.
PETE'S WIFE URGED WILMA TO STAY WITH THEM. IT WOULD BE SAFE SO I GLADLY AGREED.
©JOHN DILLE CO.
I'M TH' CYCLONE KID FROM DEAD MAN'S GULCH AND I KIN LICK MY WEIGHT IN WILD CATS. GIMME THET GAL!
DICK CALKINS
68


YOU WIN STRANGER. I DON'T WANT THE GAL!
THE CYCLONE KID WAS STRONG BUT HE HAD NO SCIENCE, SO I QUICKLY POLISHED HIM OFF.
ANYBODY ELSE ?
I SHORE RECKON I CAN ACCOMODATE YUH.
HERE'S WHERE YUH HITS TH' ALKALI !
69
TO BE CONTINUED


AS LARIAT LUKE'S LOOP WHISTLED OVER MY SHOULDERS, I LEAPED-
WHO'S NEXT ?
FELLA, WE AIM TO GIVE YA WHAT'S COMIN' TO YA.
DICK CALKINS
70


-BUT-BUT
-THAT'S OUR CODE, BOSS
MY VICTORY OVER LARIAT LUKE MADE ME BOSS OF THE GANG.
I DIDN'T KNOW ANYONE COULD BE SO WONDERFUL, BUCK.
NEITHER DID I
SAY-Y- BOSS, THEY'S ONE OUT-LAW YUH CAN'T LICK- IN THIS HYAR CORRAL.
© JOHN DILLE CO.
BUCK DEAR, DON'T RIDE THAT BRUTE - HE'LL KILL YOU.
IT'S GOT TO BE DONE HONEY- OR THEY'LL CALL ME YELLOW.
DICK CALKINS
71
TO BE CON'T.)

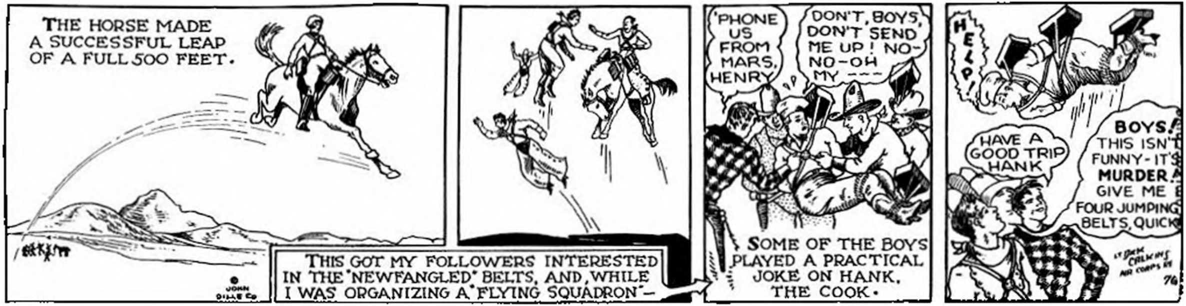

NOW BUCK! OLD HOSS, THAT'S MY FIRST NAME.
© JOHN DILLE CO.
C'MON, SLEEPY! SHOW SOME PEP!
FOOLED YOU THAT TIME, DIDN'T I ?
ALTHOUGH I WAS NO BRONCO BUSTER, MY JUMPING BELT KEPT ME FROM BEING THROWN TO THE GROUND.
EASY, NOW, OLD BOY
DICK CALKINS.
72
THE SAVAGE ANIMAL WAS FRANTIC DISPITE HIS EFFORTS, I MERELY FLOATED ABOVE HIM.


HOW DID YOU LIKE THOSE ONIONS?
ATTA BOY, BUCK!
THANKS TO MY JUMPING BELT, I FINALLY WORE THE OUTLAW HORSE DOWN. MY LEADERSHIP IN THE GANG WAS ASSURED.
TRY THIS ON, ONE OF YOU.
NOTHIN' DOIN' BOSS - NONE O' THEM NEW FANGLED DOO-DADS FER US
I TRIED IN VAIN TO INTEREST MY FOLLOWERS IN THE JUMPING BELT.
AREN'T YOU JUST THR-R-RILLED?
I ADMIT IT. HE'S SWEET
AND WILMA'S NEW FRIENDS TEASED HER ABOUT OUR COMING MARRIAGE.
HEY! SASHAY OUT HERE, SOMEBODY! LARIAT LUKE'S BEEN VENTILATED!
-BUT TRAGEDY INTERRUPTED-
(TO BE CONTINUED)

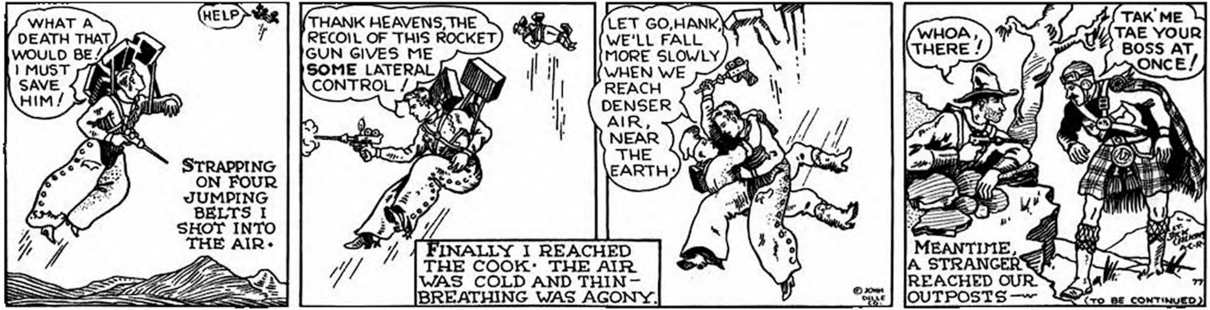

WHO SHOT YOU, LUKE?
TWO OF BOSS TABB'S MEN GOT ME--- AH-H-
SO I RADIOPHONED BOSS TABB WHO HEADED A NEIGHBORING ORG, BUT-
JUSTICE! THAT'S A LAUGH! YOU OUTLAWS HAVE NO RIGHTS.
IS THAT SO? WE'LL SEE!
AS SOON AS WE COULD ORGANIZE, I LED A RAIDING PARTY AGAINST TABB'S ORGZONE.
(TO BE CONTINUED)



BOSS TABB KNEW WE OUTLAWS HAD LITTLE MODERN EQUIPMENT, SO HE DIDN'T FEAR US MUCH, BUT HE UNDERESTIMATED THE SPEED OF OUR HORSES, SO-
-WE TOOK HIM AND HIS MEN BY SURPRISE
TABB, YOU ARE TO SEND US THREE HUNDRED JUMPING BELTS
-AND HANG THEM KILLERS
OH, ALL RIGHT, BUT YOU'LL PAY HEAVY FOR THIS
© JOHN DILLE CO.
RIDE HIM, COWGIRL!
HE'LL BE A HIGH HORSE IN A MINUTE!
WHEN THE BELTS WERE DELIVERED WILMA AND I TRIED AN EXPERIMENT-COULD HORSES AS WELL AS MEN LEAP WITH THEIR AID?
(TO BE CONTINUED)
LT. DICK CALKINS AIR CORPS RES.
75.

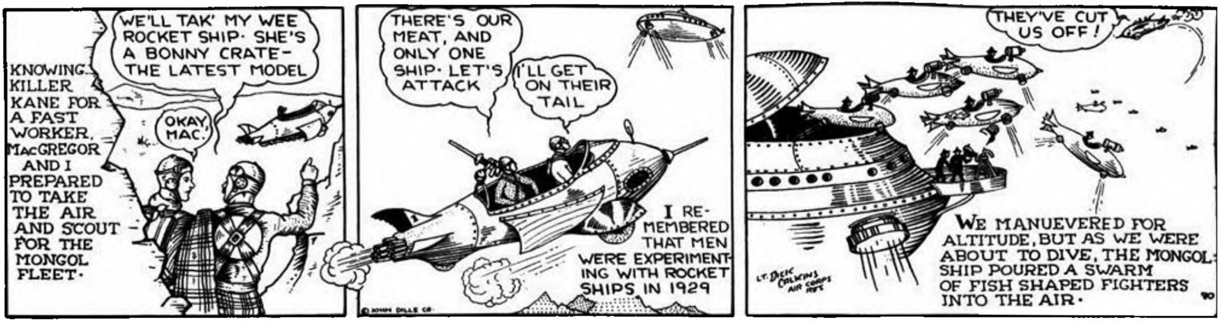


THE HORSE MADE A SUCCESSFUL LEAP OF A FULL 500 FEET.
© JOHN DILLE CO.
THIS GOT MY FOLLOWERS INTERESTED IN THE "NEWFANGLED" BELTS, AND, WHILE I WAS ORGANIZING A "FLYING SQUADRON"—
'PHONE US FROM MARS, HENRY
DON'T, BOYS, DON'T SEND ME UP! NO-NO-OH MY ---
SOME OF THE BOYS PLAYED A PRACTICAL JOKE ON HANK, THE COOK.
HELP!
HAVE A GOOD TRIP HANK
BOYS! THIS ISN'T FUNNY-IT'S MURDER! GIVE ME
FOUR JUMPING BELTS, QUICK
LT. DICK CALKINS AIR CORPS RES.
76


WHAT A DEATH THAT WOULD BE! I MUST SAVE HIM!
HELP
STRAPPING ON FOUR JUMPING BELTS I SHOT INTO THE AIR.
THANK HEAVENS, THE RECOIL OF THIS ROCKET GUN GIVES ME **SOME** LATERAL CONTROL!
FINALLY I REACHED THE COOK. THE AIR WAS COLD AND THIN— BREATHING WAS AGONY.
LET GO, HANK, WE'LL FALL MORE SLOWLY WHEN WE REACH DENSER AIR, NEAR THE EARTH.
© JOHN DILLE CO.
WHOA, THERE!
TAK' ME TAE YOUR BOSS AT ONCE!
MEANTIME, A STRANGER REACHED OUR OUTPOSTS—
LT. DICK CALKINS A.C.R.
77
(TO BE CONTINUED)

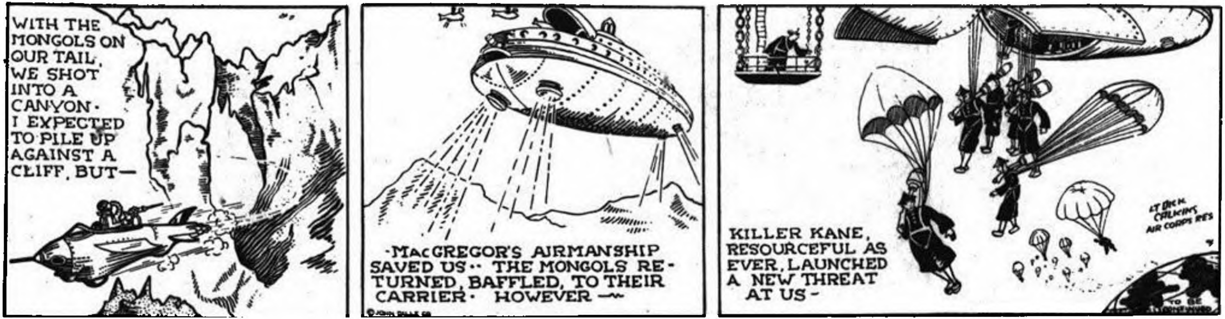

UPON SAFELY REACHING THE EARTH ONCE AGAIN—MUCH TO THE COOK'S DELIGHT—I FOUND A VISITOR.
I'M FRAE THA MAC GREGOR ORGZONE, IN CANADA. I HAE NEWS THAT—
"THE MONGOL EMPEROR WAS SAIR GRIEFSTRICKEN AT HIS LOSS OF YOUR LASS, WILMA, AND—
OH-OH— MY POOR HEAD!
"COURT-MARTIALED THE CHIEF OF HIS SPY SAIRVICE BECAUSE HE LOST TRACK OF THE LASS. AND THEN—
© JOHN DILLE CO
A STRANGE TRIBESMAN CRAVES AUDIENCE WITH THE MOST MAGNIFICENT. HE CLAIMS KNOWLEGE OF THE GIRL, WILMA.
LET HIM ENTER
LT. DICK CALKINS A.C.R.
78


WHO MIGHT YOU BE?
I AM MAJOR KANE, OF THE ENEMY FORCES. MAKE ME A SQUADRON COMMANDER AND I WILL FIND THE AMERICAN BEAUTY FOR YOU.
WILMA SPURNED ME AND I SEEK REVENGE. HENCE FORTH I WILL BE A MONGOL.
VERY GOOD. YOU SHALL GET YOUR SQUADRON. SEE THAT I GET THE GIRL.
PRAY CONSIDER HER YOURS FROM THIS MOMENT.
©JOHN DILLE CO
I DINNA KEN THEIR PLAN, BUT IT BODES NO GOOD FOR YE AND TH' LASS WILMA
I'LL FORCE THEIR HAND!
LT. DICK CALKINS AIR CORPS RES.
(TO BE CONTINUED)

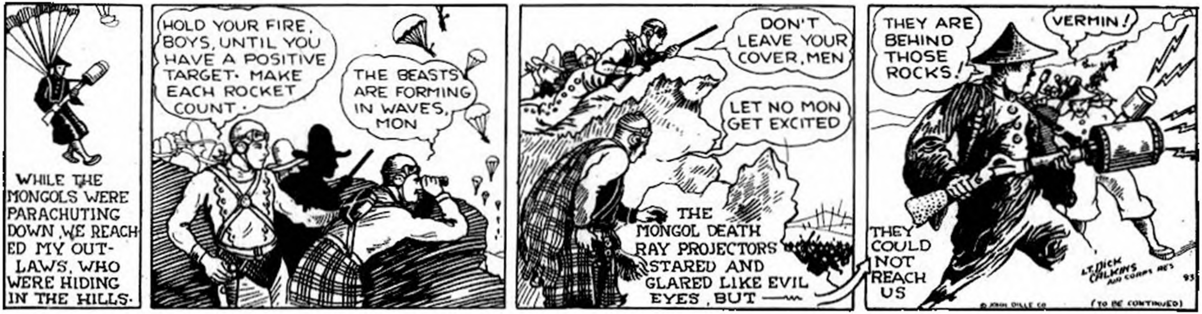

KNOWING KILLER KANE FOR A FAST WORKER, MACGREGOR AND I PREPARED TO TAKE THE AIR AND SCOUT FOR THE MONGOL FLEET.
WE'LL TAK' MY WEE ROCKET SHIP. SHE'S A BONNY CRATE– THE LATEST MODEL
OKAY, MAC.
THERE'S OUR MEAT, AND ONLY ONE SHIP. LET'S ATTACK
I'LL GET ON THEIR TAIL
I REMEMBERED THAT MEN WERE EXPERIMENTING WITH ROCKET SHIPS IN 1929
©JOHN DILLE CO.
THEY'VE CUT US OFF!
LT. DICK CALKINS AIR CORPS RES
WE MANUEVERED FOR ALTITUDE, BUT AS WE WERE ABOUT TO DIVE, THE MONGOL SHIP POURED A SWARM OF FISH SHAPED FIGHTERS INTO THE AIR.
90



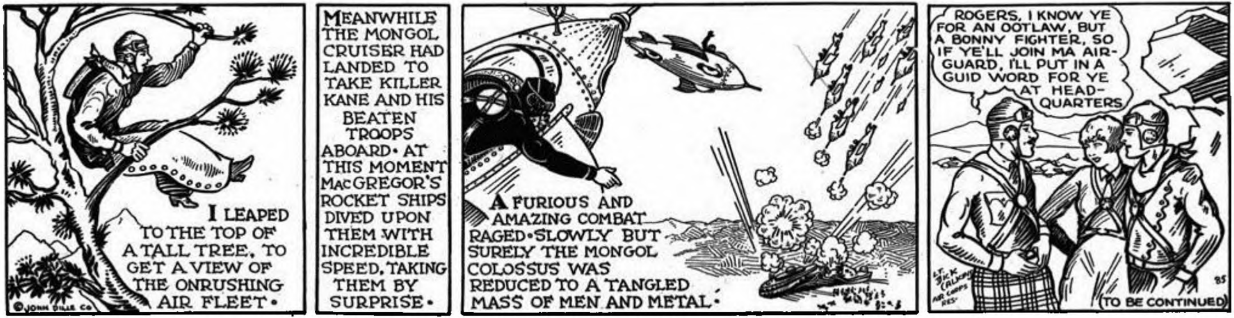
KILLER KANE'S MONGOLS WERE BETWEEN US AND OUR BASE· THERE WAS NO-THING TO DO BUT FIGHT THROUGH THEIR LINES·
SO, ADJUSTING OXYGEN MASKS, WE DIVED AT BREATH TAKING SPEED, OUR ROCKET GUNS SPITTING DEATH AND DESTRUCTION·
?
WE'RE THROUGH THEM, LAD, BUT IT LOOKS BAD·
THEY'RE ON OUR TAIL NOW!
LT. DICK CALKINS AIR CORPS RES·
©JOHN DILLE CO.
TO BE CONTINUED



WITH THE MONGOLS ON OUR TAIL, WE SHOT INTO A CANYON· I EXPECTED TO PILE UP AGAINST A CLIFF, BUT—
-MacGREGOR'S AIRMANSHIP SAVED US·· THE MONGOLS RE-TURNED, BAFFLED, TO THEIR CARRIER· HOWEVER —
KILLER KANE, RESOURCEFUL AS EVER, LAUNCHED A NEW THREAT AT US-
LT DICK CALKINS AIR CORPS RES
TO BE CONTINUED


WHILE THE MONGOLS WERE PARACHUTING DOWN, WE REACHED MY OUTLAWS, WHO WERE HIDING IN THE HILLS.
HOLD YOUR FIRE, BOYS, UNTIL YOU HAVE A POSITIVE TARGET. MAKE EACH ROCKET COUNT.
THE BEASTS ARE FORMING IN WAVES, MON
DON'T LEAVE YOUR COVER, MEN
LET NO MON GET EXCITED
THE MONGOL DEATH RAY PROJECTORS STARED AND GLARED LIKE EVIL EYES, BUT
THEY ARE BEHIND THOSE ROCKS!
VERMIN!
THEY COULD NOT REACH US
LT. DICK CALKINS AIR CORPS RES
93
© JOHN DILLE CO
(TO BE CONTINUED)


THE MONGOLS WERE BROKEN AND HURLED BACK BY OUR STURDY DEFENSE.
BUCK, I SAW KILLER KANE, IN MONGOL UNIFORM, LEADING THEM!
THE RAT! I'LL TRAP HIM YET
AN IMMENSE AIR FLEET IS APPROACHING!
AYE! AND THEY'LL TAK THEIR ORDERS FRAE MacGREGOR!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
© JOHN DILLE CO
LT. DICK CALKINS AIR CORPS RES


I LEAPED TO THE TOP OF A TALL TREE, TO GET A VIEW OF THE ONRUSHING AIR FLEET•
© JOHN DILLE CO
MEANWHILE THE MONGOL CRUISER HAD LANDED TO TAKE KILLER KANE AND HIS BEATEN TROOPS ABOARD• AT THIS MOMENT MacGREGOR'S ROCKET SHIPS DIVED UPON THEM WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED, TAKING THEM BY SURPRISE•
A FURIOUS AND AMAZING COMBAT RAGED• SLOWLY BUT SURELY THE MONGOL COLOSSUS WAS REDUCED TO A TANGLED MASS OF MEN AND METAL•
ROGERS, I KNOW YE FOR AN OOTLAW, BUT A BONNY FIGHTER, SO IF YE'LL JOIN MA AIR-GUARD, I'LL PUT IN A GUID WORD FOR YE AT HEAD-QUARTERS
LT. DICK CALKINS AIR CORPS RES.
85
(TO BE CONTINUED)


HOW ABOOT IT?
MacGREGOR, YOU'RE A PRINCE• WILL WE ACCEPT? CAN A DUCK SWIM?
© JOHN DILLE CO.
RIGHTO• YE'RE NOW UNDER MY COMMAND• FAIR-R-RST CATCH ME THAT TRAITOR KILLER KANE• JUMP NOW!
WE'LL USE OUR FLYING CAVALRY
HOW'LL WE EVER FIND HIM IN THESE CANYONS?
STRAPPING ON ONE OF MY HORSE'S JUMPING BELTS AND KNOTTING A LARIAT AROUND MY WAIST, I DID SOME AERIAL OBSERVATION
THERE GOES KANE!
LT. DICK CALKINS ACR
86
TO BE CONTINUED

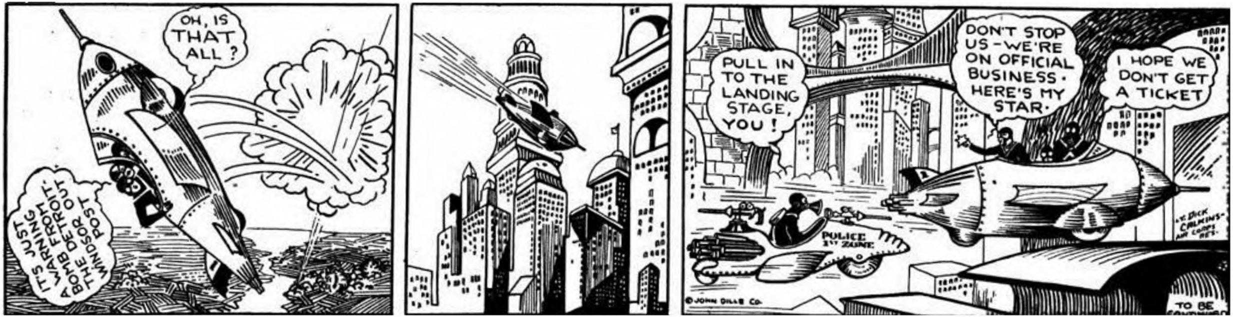


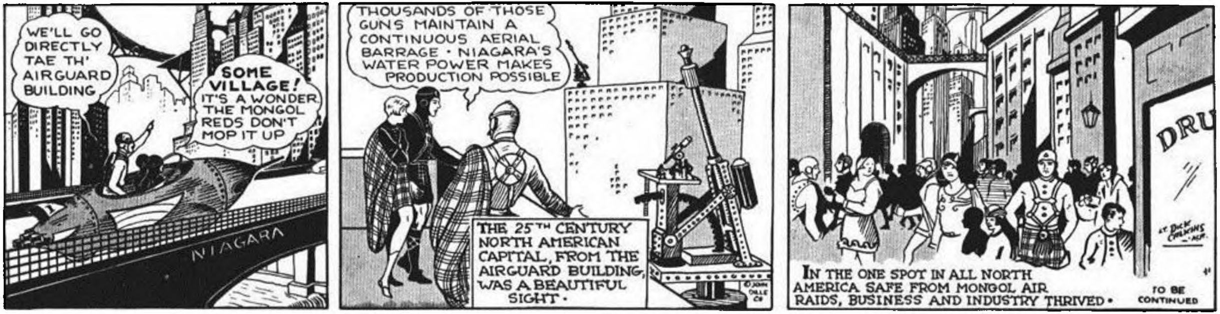
YOU'RE AT THE END OF YOUR ROPE NOW, KANE
I GIVE UP!
LIGHTENED BY THE ANTI-GRAVITY BELTS, OUR HORSES, IN GREAT LEAPS, OVERTOOK KILLER KANE.
WHAT'S THIS FEDERATION MACGREGOR SPEAKS OF
IT'S A UNION OF CANADIAN AND ATLANTIC ORGZONES. I GUESS IT'S GROWN WHILE WE'VE BEEN OUTLAWS
HERE'S THE SNEAKING TRAITOR, SIR.
I ASK A SOLDIER'S DEATH. SHOOT ME BUT DON'T HANG ME!
© JOHN DILLE CO.
I'LL DO NEITHER. I'M SENDING YE BACK TO YOUR MONGOL EMPEROR WITH THIS MESSAGE 'TIS IMPOR-R-RTANT!
A MESSAGE?
WHAT ABOUT?
87
(TO BE CONTINUED)



I SENT KANE WI' AN ULTIMATUM TO HIS MONGOL EMPEROR THAT THE FEDERATION WILL STAND FOR NO MORE RAIDS ON ORGZONES
ALL THE ORGZONES EAST OF ST. LOUIS AND IN CANADA HAVE JOINED THE FEDERATION
THEN I MUST SEEM TO AGREE. I ACCEPT THE TRUCE, BUT IN THE END I WILL DESTROY THEM!
AND WHEN THE TRAITOR WAS LANDED IN THE IMPERIAL CITY.
WELL, BUCK, US OUTLAWS WILL MISS YOU AND YORE GAL.
DROP US A PITCHER POST CARD
I HATE TO LEAVE ALL THESE NICE MEN.
MEANWHILE, WILMA AND I WERE RE-OUTFITTED BY MACGREGOR
OH BOY! WILL I BE GLAD TO SEE THE CITY!
ME TOO! I'M FED UP ON GREAT OPEN SPACES!
SO AS MEMBERS OF THE MACGREGOR AIR GUARD, OF TORONTO, WE ROCKETED FOR NIAGARA, THE NORTH AMERICAN CAPITAL
88

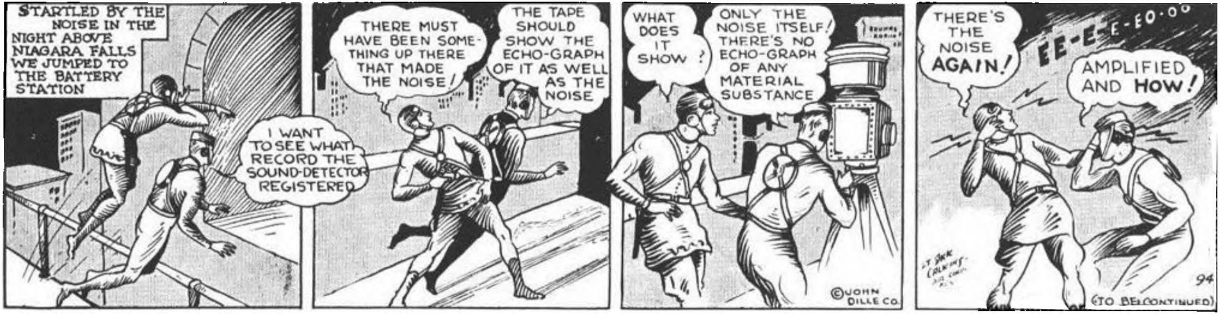

MacGREGOR'S THROWING A LINE · HE WANTS TO COME ABOARD
SLOW DOWN!
IT MUST BE SOME THING IMPORTANT
YOUR RADIOPHONE IS DEAD - I COULDNA GET YE · WE'LL HAF TA TAK' THE GROUND ROAD AT DETROIT · AIRCRAFT ARE BARRED OVER THE CAPITAL ZONE
THERE'S LAKE ERIE NOW
©JOHN DILLE CO.
BOOM!
CAESAR'S GHOST! WHAT'S THAT?
89
LT. DICK CALKINS · AIR CORPS RES
(TO BE CONTINUED)


OH, IS THAT ALL?
JUST
IT'S JNING
WARROM FROIT·
A WMB DETROUT
BOME DESOR
THE WINDSOST POST
PULL IN TO THE LANDING STAGE, YOU!
DON'T STOP US - WE'RE ON OFFICIAL BUSINESS · HERE'S MY STAR ·
I HOPE WE DON'T GET A TICKET
POLICE 1st ZONE
©JOHN DILLE CO.
LT. DICK CALKINS · AIR CORPS RES ·
TO BE


WE'LL GO DIRECTLY TAE TH' AIRGUARD BUILDING
SOME VILLAGE! IT'S A WONDER THE MONGOL REDS DON'T MOP IT UP
NIAGARA
THOUSANDS OF THOSE GUNS MAINTAIN A CONTINUOUS AERIAL BARRAGE • NIAGARA'S WATER POWER MAKES PRODUCTION POSSIBLE
THE 25TH CENTURY NORTH AMERICAN CAPITAL, FROM THE AIRGUARD BUILDING, WAS A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT •
©JOHN DILLE CO
DRU
IN THE ONE SPOT IN ALL NORTH AMERICA SAFE FROM MONGOL AIR RAIDS, BUSINESS AND INDUSTRY THRIVED •
41
TO BE CONTINUED

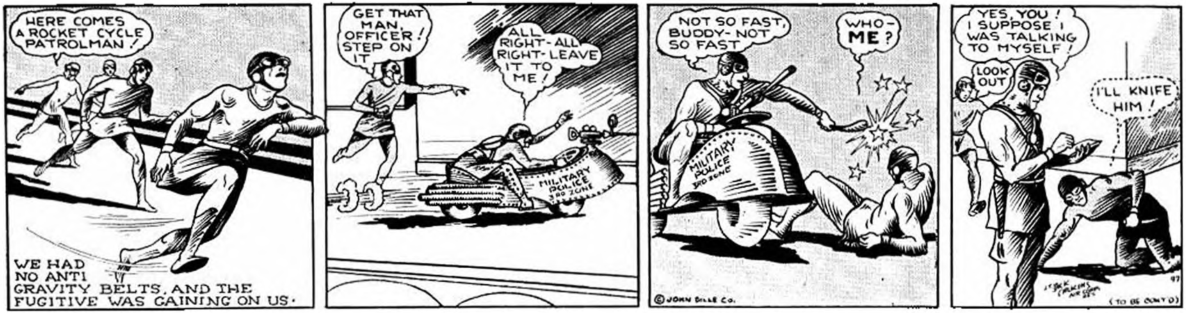

YES, SIR, SHALL I CALL YOU BACK?
WILMA WAS ASSIGNED TO OFFICE DUTY AT AIRGUARD HEADQUARTERS •
WHY ISN'T EVERYTHING DONE AUTOMATICALLY HERE?
BECAUSE PEOPLE MUST WORK OR CIVILIZATION WOULD DECAY
AND I PUT IN EIGHT HOURS A DAY IN THE NEW ROCKET MOTOR SCHOOL
OH, BUCK, I COULD GO ON DANCING FOREVER- WITH YOU
LET'S TELL MACGREGOR WE'RE GOING TO GET MARRIED RIGHT AWAY
-BUT IN THE EVENINGS-
©JOHN DILLE CO.
AND WE'LL SPEND OUR HONEYMOON HERE AT NIAGARA FALLS • IT'S AN ANCIENT CUSTOM
YE WILL NOT! WHY, I'LL PUT YE UNDER ARREST
42
(TO BE CONTINUED)


WHY CAN'T BUCK AND I GET MARRIED, MAC?
IT'S AGAINST AIRGUARD REGULATIONS, DURING YOUR ENLISTMENT
©JOHN DILLE CO.
GOOD NIGHT, DEAR · WE MUST BE PATIENT
I WISH WE'D STAYED WITH THE OUTLAWS
WE WERE BOTH VERY SAD WHEN I LEFT WILMA AT HER APARTMENT·
SPEEDING HOMEWARD ON THE MOVING SIDEWALK, AFTER LEAVING WILMA, I MET AN ACQUAINTANCE·
I'M JOHNSON OF THE ARTILLERY
YES, I REMEMBER YOU
GOSH, MONGOLS!
GR-R-R-R-O-O-EE-OH
NO, THEY CAN'T GET OVER THE CITY
WE WERE STARTLED BY A MYSTERIOUS NOISE FROM THE DARKNESS ABOVE·
93
(TO BE CONTINUED)


STARTLED BY THE NOISE IN THE NIGHT ABOVE NIAGARA FALLS WE JUMPED TO THE BATTERY STATION
I WANT TO SEE WHAT RECORD THE SOUND-DETECTOR REGISTERED
THERE MUST HAVE BEEN SOMETHING UP THERE THAT MADE THE NOISE!
THE TAPE SHOULD SHOW THE ECHO-GRAPH OF IT AS WELL AS THE NOISE
WHAT DOES IT SHOW?
ONLY THE NOISE ITSELF! THERE'S NO ECHO-GRAPH OF ANY MATERIAL SUBSTANCE
©JOHN DILLE CO.
THERE'S THE NOISE AGAIN!
EE-E-E-EO-OO
AMPLIFIED AND HOW!
94
(TO BE CONTINUED)


JOHNSON. REPORTED HIS SOUND DETECTOR SHOWED NO RECORD OF THE CAUSE OF THE MYSTERIOUS NOISE.
FROM EVERY ARTILLERY STATION IN THE CAPITAL ORGZONE, THE SAME REPORT WENT TO G.H.Q.
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE MACGREGOR!
BUT MON, IT'S SO!
HELLO BUCK! AND WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?
MAY I ASK HOW THE REPORTS OF THAT NOISE ANALYZED?
WHERE DID THE SOUND REGISTER LOUDEST
OVER SUB-ZONE 981, IN THE BUFFALO SECTOR, BUT THE WHOLE AREA HAS BEEN SEARCHED WITHOUT RESULT
YE'RE DAFT LAD. YE CANNA HEAR MORE THAN THE MACHINES DID
WELL, LET ME DO A LITTLE SLEUTHING, WITH WILMA AND JOHNSON
95
(TO BE CONTINUED)


WHERE'S THE PLACE, JOHNSON?
IT'S FIVE BLOCKS FARTHER, BUCK
THE NEXT NIGHT FOUND ME WITH WILMA AND JOHNSON, ON THE TRAIL OF THE MYSTERIOUS NOISE.
CAREFUL WILMA
I'LL HIDE ACROSS THE STREET AND KEEP WATCH
GOSH, THAT EGG LOOKS SUSPICIOUS HEY, YOU! HALT!
AFTER HIM!
WE SHOULD HAVE WORN JUMPING BELTS
HE RUNS LIKE A MONGOL
(TO BE CONTINUED)



HERE COMES A ROCKET CYCLE PATROLMAN!
WE HAD NO ANTI GRAVITY BELTS, AND THE FUGITIVE WAS GAINING ON US.
GET THAT MAN, OFFICER! STEP ON IT
ALL RIGHT-ALL RIGHT-LEAVE IT TO ME!
MILITARY POLICE 3RD ZONE
NOT SO FAST, BUDDY-NOT SO FAST
WHO-ME?
MILITARY POLICE 3RD ZONE
© JOHN DILLE CO.
YES, YOU! I SUPPOSE I WAS TALKING TO MYSELF!
LOOK OUT
I'LL KNIFE HIM!
(TO BE CONT'D)

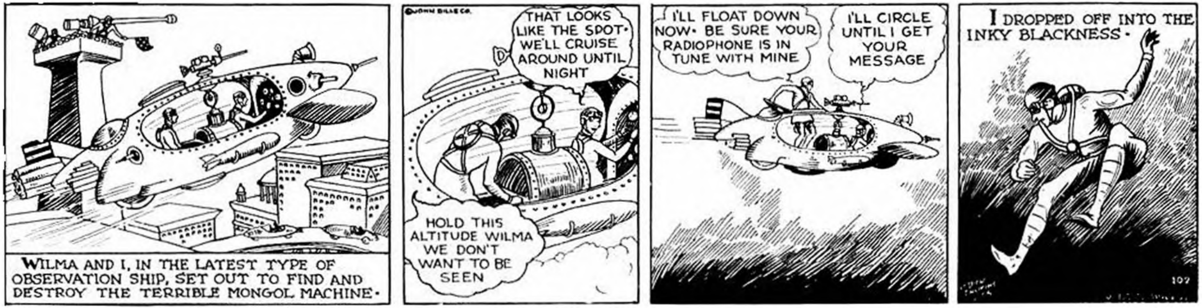


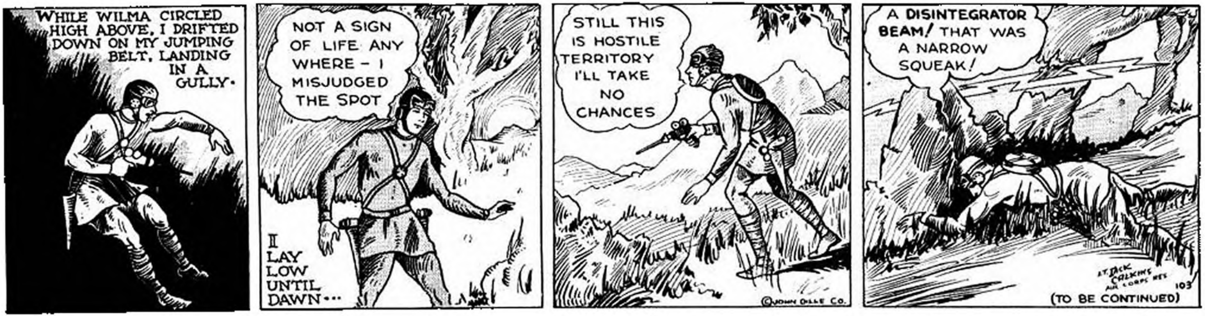
DROP THAT LETTER OPENER!
© JOHN DILLE CO
THIS GUY'S A MONGOL, IN DISGUISE. WHAT'LL I DO WITH HIM, SIR?
PUT HIM IN THE HOOSE GOW. I'LL REPORT TO G.H.Q.
BUT, ROGERS, THE PRISONER COULD NOT HAVE MADE THE MYSTERIOUS NOISE!
NO, SIR, BUT THAT MONGOL IS A SPY. HE KNOWS ABOUT IT, AND WE MUST MAKE HIM TALK
I WONDER WHAT HIS RACKET IS


TH' CAT'S GOT HIS TONGUE, EH?
WHY WASTE TIME? STICK HIM IN TH' CHAIR
THE MYSTERIOUS MONGOL, TRUE TO FORM KEPT A STONY SILENCE.
BUT UNDER ELECTRONO HYPNOTIC INFLUENCE HE BABBLED A WEIRD TALE OF TWO MONGOL SCIENTISTS, OM-KA-ZORIL AND MORKE-KA LONO WHO HAD INVENTED A SUPER POWERED RAY PROJECTOR
WE MUST HAVE TWO MACHINES A THOUSAND MILES APART
AND CONVERGE THEIR BEAMS UPON NIAGARA
©JOHN DILLE CO.
A SPY WAS PLANTED IN THE CAPITAL CITY, TO SEE THAT THE BEAMS WERE FOCUSSED CORRECTLY.
WITH THESE SUPER RAYS WE CAN DISINTEGRATE NIAGARA
LET US COMMENCE
(TO BE CONTINUED)


EEOWORRR
EEOOW
OUR PRISONER REVEALED THAT THESE RAYS, AT THEIR FOCAL POINT, WOULD DISRUPT THE AIR, CAUSING THE MYSTERIOUS SOUND WE HEARD.
AND UNDER SUPER-POWER PROJECTION WOULD CAUSE A STUPENDOUS ATOMIC EXPLOSION.
©JOHN DILLE CO.
THE GOLDEN DRAGONS'LL REIGN - ER - AH--
WHAT'S HE TALKING ABOUT NOW?
THE MONGOL CAME BACK TO CONSCIOUSNESS MUMBLING INCOHERENTLY
I'LL GET MILITARY INTELLIGENCE--HELLO, WILSON, WHAT D'YA KNOW ABOUT **GOLDEN DRAGONS**?
THEY'RE THE MOST DANGEROUS--


MILITARY INTELLIGENCE BUREAU No. 6
Z-Z-Z-Z-
-THE GOLDEN DRAGONS ARE PART OF A VERY POWERFUL SECRET MONGOL SOCIETY THAT AIMS TO OVERTHROW THE EMPEROR
WILSON M-1
©JOHN DILLE CO.
-WILSON GAVE ME A CLEW. THE GOLDEN DRAGONS ARE TRYING TO WRECK US AND PUT THE EMPEROR IN DUTCH WITH HIS OWN GANG
BECAUSE HE FAILED, HUH?
CONFERENCE ROOM
BULLETIN
THIS IS A DANGEROUS SITUATION, GENTLEMEN!
DICK CALKINS
ROGERS, ONE OF THESE MACHINES IS HIDDEN IN THE CUMBERLAND MOUNTAINS. FIND ME A MAN WHO WILL VOLUNTEER TO DISTROY IT
YOU'RE LOOKING AT THE MAN NOW, SIR. WHEN DO I START?
101
TO BE CONT'D

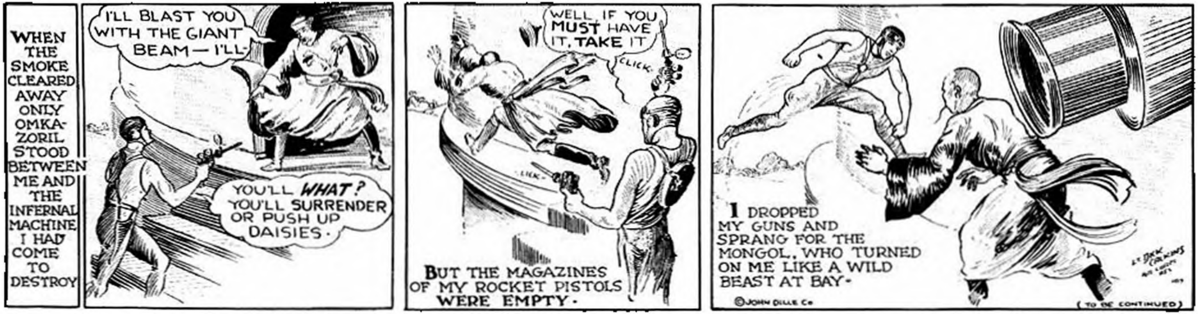

WILMA AND I, IN THE LATEST TYPE OF OBSERVATION SHIP, SET OUT TO FIND AND DESTROY THE TERRIBLE MONGOL MACHINE.
©JOHN DILLE CO.
THAT LOOKS LIKE THE SPOT. WE'LL CRUISE AROUND UNTIL NIGHT
HOLD THIS ALTITUDE WILMA WE DON'T WANT TO BE SEEN
I'LL FLOAT DOWN NOW. BE SURE YOUR RADIOPHONE IS IN TUNE WITH MINE
I'LL CIRCLE UNTIL I GET YOUR MESSAGE
I DROPPED OFF INTO THE INKY BLACKNESS.
102


WHILE WILMA CIRCLED HIGH ABOVE, I DRIFTED DOWN ON MY JUMPING BELT, LANDING IN A GULLY.
NOT A SIGN OF LIFE ANY WHERE – I MISJUDGED THE SPOT
I LAY LOW UNTIL DAWN...
STILL THIS IS HOSTILE TERRITORY I'LL TAKE NO CHANCES
©JOHN DILLE CO.
A DISINTEGRATOR BEAM! THAT WAS A NARROW SQUEAK!
LT. DICK CALKINS AIR CORPS RES
103
(TO BE CONTINUED)


I CAN'T SEE HIM – I'M GOING TO RISK CRAWLING OUT
SOMEWHERE AHEAD OF ME WAS ONE OF THOSE GOLDEN DRAGON MONGOLS, WITH A DEADLY DISINTEGRATOR RAY.
WOWEE! THAT WAS TOO CLOSE! MY KINGDOM FOR A 20TH CENTURY MILLS BOMB
BR-R-RR-R-Z-ZZZ-ZAP
©JOHN DILLE CO.
BUT MAYBE THIS 19TH CENTURY INDIAN TRICK WILL WORK
NOW SHIRT DO YOUR STUFF! CATCH THAT PLAYBOY'S EYE WHILE I PLUG HIM
LT. DICK CALKINS AIR CORPS RES
104
(TO BE CONTINUED)


Z-ZZIP-P
MY CONCEALED OPPONENT REVEALED HIS POSITION TO ME, AND—
A TREE TOAD! HE'S CHIRPED HIS LAST CHIRP
I NEATLY DROPPED THE MONGOL SNIPER.
©JOHN DILLE CO.
AT THIS MOMENT OM-KA-ZORIL AT WORK IN HIS LABORATORY LOOKED UP AND SAW—
DANGER
SPIES
HO! GOLDEN DRAGONS TO ARMS!
105.
(TO BE CONTINUED)


GET THAT MAN!
WARNED OF MY APPROACH, OM-KA-ZORIL MARSHALLED HIS FOLLOWERS, WHO SPREAD OUT IN FANLIKE FORMATION AS THEY CAME TOWARD ME
I'M BADLY OUTNUMBERED! NOTHING BUT STRATEGY WILL PULL ME OUT OF THIS HOLE
I SAW THEM AS I EMERGED FROM THE TREES AND CAME IN SIGHT OF THE LABORATORY.
©JOHN DILLE CO.
HERE'S WHERE I DO SOME GROUND STRAFING!
I JUMPED BEYOND RANGE OF THEIR DISINTEGRATOR RAYS AND OPENED AN EFFECTIVE ROCKET FIRE FROM THE AIR.


WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARED AWAY ONLY OMKA-ZORIL STOOD BETWEEN ME AND THE INFERNAL MACHINE I HAD COME TO DESTROY
I'LL BLAST YOU WITH THE GIANT BEAM — I'LL-
YOU'LL *WHAT?* YOU'LL SURRENDER OR PUSH UP DAISIES.
WELL, IF YOU **MUST** HAVE IT, **TAKE** IT
CLICK
BUT THE MAGAZINES OF MY ROCKET PISTOLS **WERE EMPTY.**
I DROPPED MY GUNS AND SPRANG FOR THE MONGOL, WHO TURNED ON ME LIKE A WILD BEAST AT BAY.
©JOHN DILLE Co
(TO BE CONTINUED)

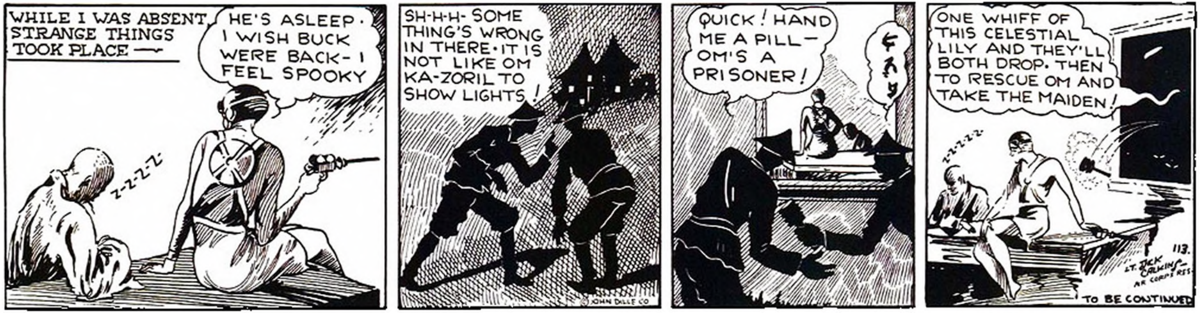

I HAD INDEED EXPECTED A FIGHT TO THE DEATH BUT—
I GIVE UP!
WISE LAD
THIS SURELY WINDS UP THE WORK OF THE GOLDEN DRAGONS
WHAM!
WILMA LANDED WITH OUR ROCKET SHIP AT MY SIGNAL, AND DESTROYED THE GREAT PROJECTOR.
BUT IT WAS WICKED TO FOMENT WAR AGAINST THE EMPEROR AND ORGZONES.
THE WORK OF A LIFETIME—
WE TOOK OM-KA-ZORIL BACK TO HIS LABORATORY, WHERE
I REALIZE IT NOW. OUR HUNGER FOR FREEDOM MADE US PLAN IT. LISTEN—**I'VE AN IDEA!**
WHAT IS IT?
TO BE CONTINUED.


WHAT'S YOUR BIG IDEA OM-KA-ZORIL
THE GOLDEN DRAGONS PLOTTED TO EMBROIL THE EMPEROR IN WAR WITH YOUR ORGZONES • YOU HAVE SMASHED OUR PLAN • I AM AT YOUR MERCY
ZONE OF FEDERATION
ZONE OF MONGOL DOMINATION
PROTECTIVE INFLUENCE
BUT YOUR FEDERATION WOULD LIKE TO SEE THE EMPEROR KEPT TOO BUSY WITH HIS OWN TROUBLES TO RAID AND PERSECUTE THE NORTH AMERICAN ORGS • WHY NOT LET THE GOLDEN DRAGONS WORK WITH YOU?
©JOHN DILLE CO.
WE HAVE NO AUTHORITY TO BIND THE FEDERATION TO SUCH AN AGREEMENT
BUT SUPPOSE I MAKE YOU TWO THE SUPREME HEADS OF THE SOCIETY
(TO BE CONTINUED)

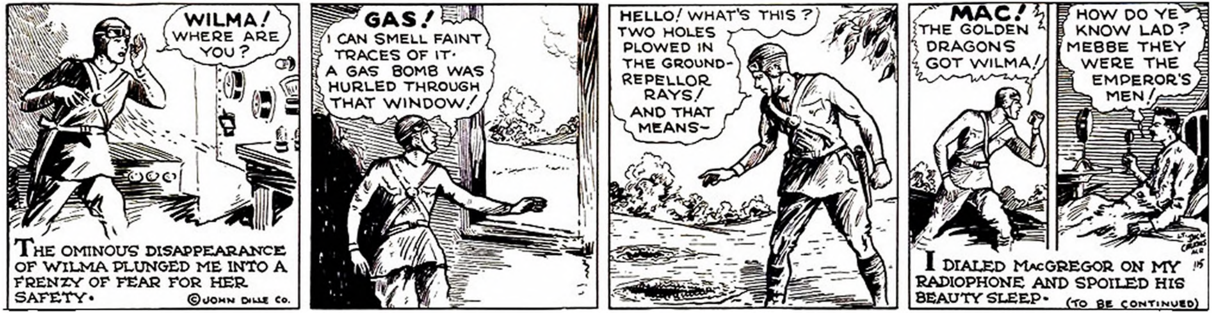

HOW DO WE KNOW THAT YOU REALLY HAVE THIS VAST SPY SYSTEM YOU CLAIM?
LOOK IN THE TELEVISION- I'LL SHOW YOU
OM-KA-ZORIL HAD JUST OFFERED WILMA AND ME THE LEADERSHIP OF THE GOLDEN DRAGONS, THE MONGOL REVOLUTIONARY SOCIETY
THE VICEROY OF CHICAGO! LITTLE DOES HE DREAM THAT HIS EVERY ACT IS VISIBLE IN THE DETECTO-TELEVISION OF THE GOLDEN DRAGONS
AT THIS MOMENT OUR MEN AS YOU SEE, ARE RAIDING A DISINTEGRATOR WAREHOUSE IN THE IMPERIAL CITY
EVEN THE EMPEROR HIMSELF—
NOW TO STRIKE THEM DOWN
TO BE CONTINUED


NO-LET THEM LIVE. I WILL USE THEM TO MY ADVANTAGE
SOME SYSTEM THESE MONGOLS HAVE.
THE FATE OF NORTH AMERICA TREMBLES IN YOUR HANDS
YOU SAID IT, OM. BUT WE DON'T DARE RADIOPHONE. WE'D BE OVERHEARD
WILMA AND I REALIZED THAT CONTROL OF THE GOLDEN DRAGONS MEANT VAST POWER
AT WILMA'S SUGGESTION, I STREAKED THROUGH THE NIGHT FOR NIAGARA TO SEE MacGREGOR.
ONE FALSE MOVE, MY SAFFRON FRIEND, AND YOU GO BOOM!
WHILE WILMA GUARDED THE WILY MONGOL.
(TO BE CONTINUED)

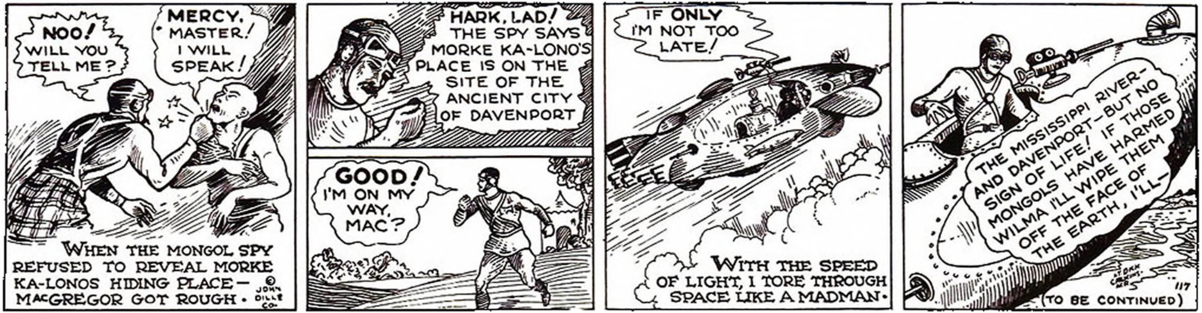

-BUT COULDN'T WE LOCK OM-KA-ZORIL UP HERE IN NIAGARA, SIR?
IMPOSSIBLE! TOO RISKY. GET YOUR SHIP - I HAE A PLAN
I REACHED G.H.Q IN THE GRAY DAWN AND ROUSED MacGREGOR
WE MADE A QUICK FLIGHT AND LANDED-
YON'S THE DESAIRTED FORT OF THE ELMIRA ORGZONE. YE CAN HAE IT FOR A PRISON. I'LL SEND YE A SQUAD
I'LL GET THE PRISONER AT ONCE
OH WILMA! BRING HIM OUT!
REACHING THE SPOT WHERE I'D LEFT WILMA, I ANCHORED MY ROCKET SHIP AND JUMPED FOR OM'S LABORATORY
SHE'S GONE! WHAT'S THIS? GAS! AND I LEFT HER WITH THAT MONGOL WIZARD!
112
TO BE CONTINUED


WHILE I WAS ABSENT STRANGE THINGS TOOK PLACE —
HE'S ASLEEP. I WISH BUCK WERE BACK - I FEEL SPOOKY
Z-Z-Z-Z-Z
SH-H-H- SOMETHING'S WRONG IN THERE. IT IS NOT LIKE OM KA-ZORIL TO SHOW LIGHTS!
© JOHN DILLE CO
QUICK! HAND ME A PILL — OM'S A PRISONER!
ONE WHIFF OF THIS CELESTIAL LILY AND THEY'LL BOTH DROP. THEN TO RESCUE OM AND TAKE THE MAIDEN!
Z-Z-Z-Z-Z
113.
LT. DICK CALKINS
TO BE CONTINUED


AH-H- HA-A-A-A
OH - I'M CHOKING!
NOW FOR A QUICK GETAWAY.
YEAH - WE'LL HOP OFF FOR MORKE'S HIDE OUT.
© JOHN DILLE CO
WE'RE OVER SPRINGFIELD. BEAR LEFT
A FEW MOMENTS LATER, IN THE DEN OF MORKE KA-LONO —
OH, MY HEAD! WHERE AM I?
SAVED ME? FROM WHOM YOU IDIOT?
WE SAVED YOU, OM.
114
LT. DICK CALKINS A.C.R.
TO BE CONTINUED


WILMA! WHERE ARE YOU?
THE OMINOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF WILMA PLUNGED ME INTO A FRENZY OF FEAR FOR HER SAFETY.
©JOHN DILLE CO.
GAS! I CAN SMELL FAINT TRACES OF IT. A GAS BOMB WAS HURLED THROUGH THAT WINDOW!
HELLO! WHAT'S THIS? TWO HOLES PLOWED IN THE GROUND- REPELLOR RAYS! AND THAT MEANS-
MAC! THE GOLDEN DRAGONS GOT WILMA!
HOW DO YE KNOW LAD? MEBBE THEY WERE THE EMPEROR'S MEN!
I DIALED MACGREGOR ON MY RADIOPHONE AND SPOILED HIS BEAUTY SLEEP.
(TO BE CONTINUED)
115


THE GOLDEN DRAGONS GOT WILMA, MAC! THE REPELLOR RAYS INDICATE A MONGOL SHIP. HAD THEY BEEN THE EMPEROR'S MEN, THEY WOULD HAVE DESTROYED THE GOLDEN DRAGONS' LABORATORY
YOUR'E A SMART LAD, BUCK. NOW WHERE DO YE THINK THEY'D TAK' HER?
PROBABLY TO MORKE KA-LONO'S SECRET LABORATORY. WHERE IS IT HIDDEN, MAC?
©JOHN DILLE CO
I'LL SLIP DOON TO THE JAIL AND SWEAT IT OOT O' THAT SPY YE CAPTURED, BUCK, WAIT!
HURRY, MAC! THEY MAY BE TORTURING WILMA, NOW!
MONGOL, I'LL GIE YE TWA MEENUTES T' TELL ME WHERE MORKE KA-LONO'S SECRET LAIR IS!
MY EARS ARE DEAF, AND MY TONGUE SILENT
(TO BE CONTINUED)

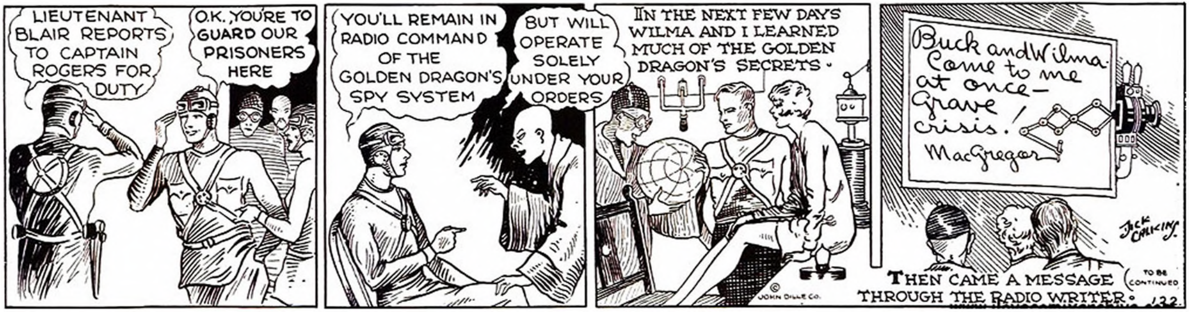

NOO! WILL YOU TELL ME?
MERCY, MASTER! I WILL SPEAK!
WHEN THE MONGOL SPY REFUSED TO REVEAL MORKE KA-LONOS HIDING PLACE— MACGREGOR GOT ROUGH.
© JOHN DILLE CO.
HARK, LAD! THE SPY SAYS MORKE KA-LONO'S PLACE IS ON THE SITE OF THE ANCIENT CITY OF DAVENPORT
GOOD! I'M ON MY WAY, MAC?
IF ONLY I'M NOT TOO LATE!
WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT, I TORE THROUGH SPACE LIKE A MADMAN.
THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER— AND DAVENPORT—BUT NO SIGN OF LIFE! IF THOSE MONGOLS HAVE HARMED WILMA I'LL WIPE THEM OFF THE FACE OF THE EARTH, I'LL—
117
(TO BE CONTINUED)

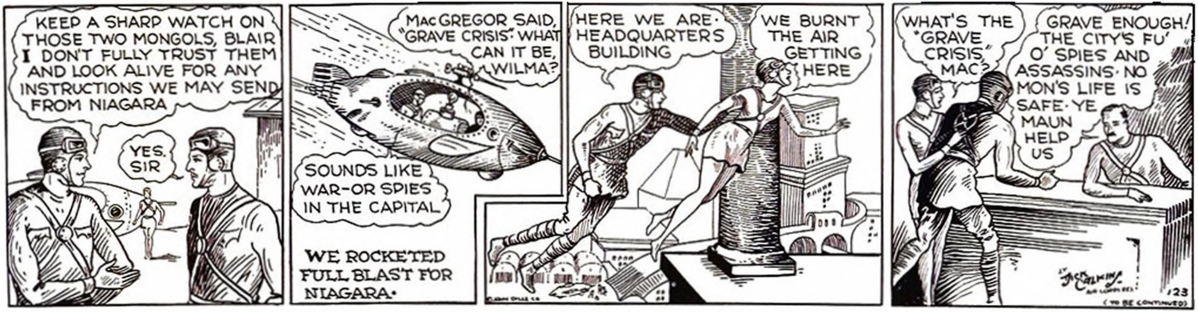

MORKE, YOU BLUNDERING IDIOT. I DIDN'T WANT TO BE RESCUED!
OM KA-ZORIL, YOU SHOW PECULIAR GRATITUDE!
WHILE I CIRCLED ABOVE, A STRANGE SCENE WAS BEING ENACTED IN MORKE KA-LONO'S SECRET LABORATORY.
?
BZ-ZZZZZ-
OH-I SEE!
© JOHN DILLE CO.
AND NOW THIS "FIGHTING FOOL," BUCK ROGERS WILL SMASH OUR DEFENSES LIKE AN EGGSHELL
HOLY DRAGONS PRESERVE US!
MASTERS, A STRANGE ROCKET SHIP HOVERS ABOVE!
LET'S TRAP HIM
IT'S BUCK!
118
(TO BE CONTINUED)

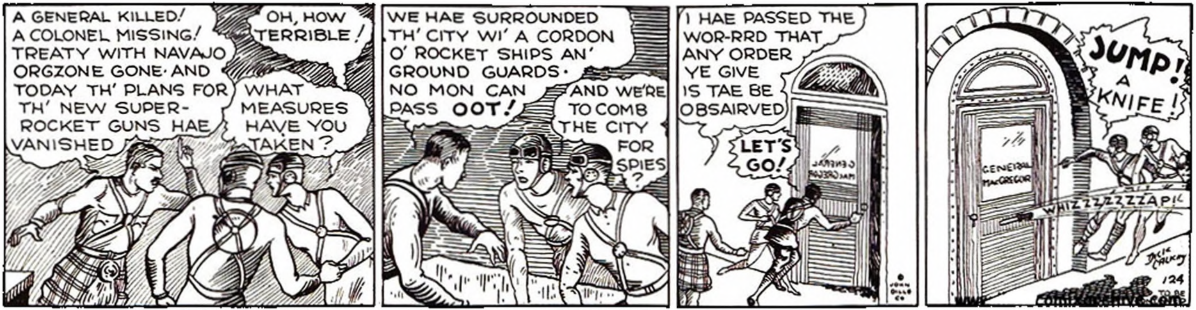

OM, WE MUST KEEP FAITH WITH ROGERS
BUT HE MAY BLOW US TO BITS BEFORE WE CAN EXPLAIN. **HOW** CAN WE PREVENT **THAT**
CALM YOUR SELVES– **THAT'S EASY** I'LL RADIO PHONE HIM
© JOHN DILLE CO
BUCK, DEAR, CAN YOU HEAR ME? IT WAS ALL A MISTAKE. I'M COMING UP WHERE YOU CAN SEE ME. WATCH FOR ME DEAR
GOOD!
THAT'S DARN FUNNY! IT'S WILMA'S VOICE BUT **WHERE IS SHE**?
(TO BE CONTINUED)


A SUBMARINE! SO THAT'S THEIR GAME, HUH?
WET AND GLISTENING A BIG METAL CYLINDER SUDDENLY THRUST ITSELF UP OUT OF THE RIVER.
WILMA! **QUICK!** JUMP OUT OF THAT IRON FISH!
IT'S NOT A SUBMARINE, SILLY BUT JUST THE DISAPPEARING ENTRANCE TO THE GOLDEN DRAGONS' SECRET RETREAT, SUNK BELOW THE BED OF THE RIVER. THEY WANT YOU TO COME DOWN
DARE WE TRUST THEM, WILMA?
I **THINK** SO, BUT IT **MAY** BE A TRAP
I'M GOING **DOWN** IF IT'S A TRAP THEY'LL FIND THEY'VE CAUGHT A GRIZZLY BEAR
OH, BUCK, IT'S TERRIBLY DANGEROUS
120

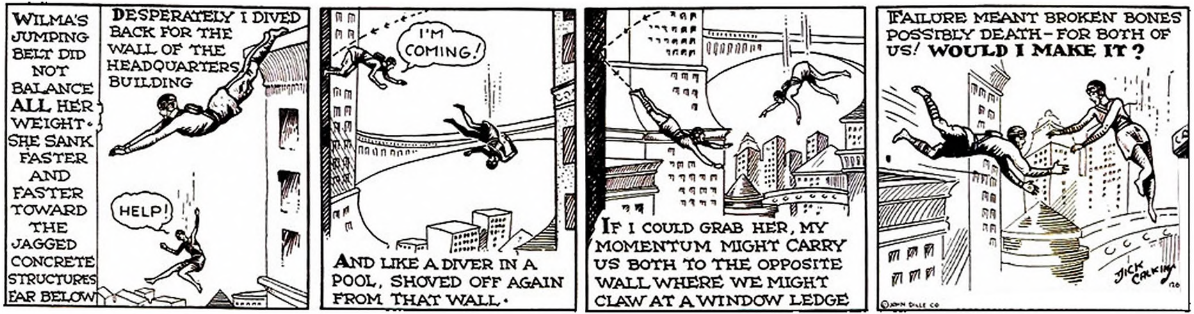

TENSED FOR ACTION, I DROPPED DOWN INTO THE THE TUNNEL LEADING TO THE SECRET LAIR OF THE GOLDEN DRAGONS
IS THIS A TRAP? WELL HERE GOES ANYHOW
© JOHN DILLE CO.
DID YOU GENTLEMEN WISH TO SEE ME?
IT WAS ALL A MISTAKE! I DID NOT WISH TO BE RESCUED, BUCK ROGERS. WE DRAGONS DO NOT BREAK FAITH.
LEAVING ONE OF THEIR SUBORDINATES IN CHARGE OF THE LAIR AT DAVENPORT, OM KA-ZORIL AND MORKE KA-LONO WERE SOON INSTALLED IN THE ELMIRA ORGZONE, WITH THE APPARATUS.
BUCK! AN AIR FORCE IS APPROACHING!
AUTOMATIC AIR SENTRY
ALTITUDE INDICATOR
DIRECTION
SPEED INDICATOR
BRR-RING BRR BR-
MONGOL OR AMERICAN?
(TO BE CONTINUED)
LT. DICK CALKINS AIR CORPS RES
121


LIEUTENANT BLAIR REPORTS TO CAPTAIN ROGERS FOR DUTY
O.K., YOU'RE TO GUARD OUR PRISONERS HERE
YOU'LL REMAIN IN RADIO COMMAND OF THE GOLDEN DRAGON'S SPY SYSTEM
BUT WILL OPERATE SOLELY UNDER YOUR ORDERS
© JOHN DILLE CO.
IN THE NEXT FEW DAYS WILMA AND I LEARNED MUCH OF THE GOLDEN DRAGON'S SECRETS.
Buck and Wilma Come to me at once - Grave crisis! MacGregor
JACK CALKINS
THEN CAME A MESSAGE THROUGH THE RADIO WRITER.
(TO BE CONTINUED)
122

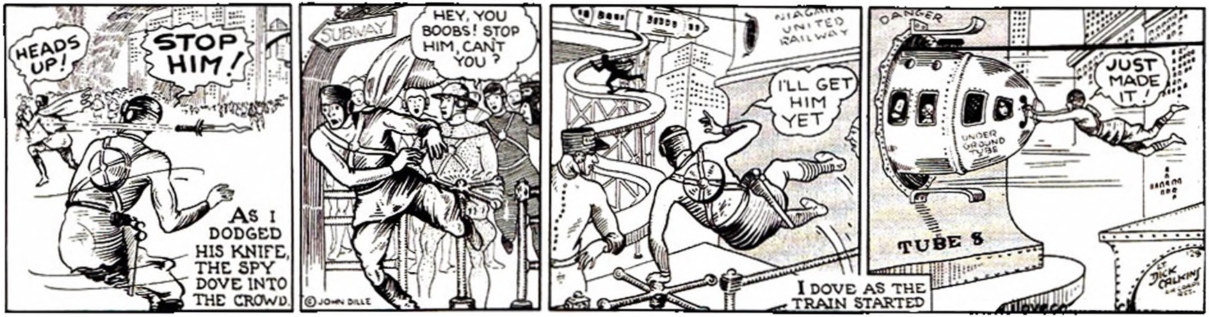

KEEP A SHARP WATCH ON THOSE TWO MONGOLS, BLAIR I DON'T FULLY TRUST THEM AND LOOK ALIVE FOR ANY INSTRUCTIONS WE MAY SEND FROM NIAGARA
YES, SIR
MAC GREGOR SAID, "GRAVE CRISIS" WHAT CAN IT BE, WILMA?
SOUNDS LIKE WAR-OR SPIES IN THE CAPITAL
WE ROCKETED FULL BLAST FOR NIAGARA·
HERE WE ARE· HEADQUARTERS BUILDING
WE BURNT THE AIR GETTING HERE
WHAT'S THE "GRAVE CRISIS," MAC?
GRAVE ENOUGH! THE CITY'S FU' O' SPIES AND ASSASSINS· NO MON'S LIFE IS SAFE· YE MAUN HELP US
123
(TO BE CONTINUED)


A GENERAL KILLED! A COLONEL MISSING! TREATY WITH NAVAJO ORGZONE GONE· AND TODAY TH' PLANS FOR TH' NEW SUPER-ROCKET GUNS HAE VANISHED
OH, HOW TERRIBLE!
WHAT MEASURES HAVE YOU TAKEN?
WE HAE SURROUNDED TH' CITY WI' A CORDON O' ROCKET SHIPS AN' GROUND GUARDS· NO MON CAN PASS OOT!
AND WE'RE TO COMB THE CITY FOR SPIES?
I HAE PASSED THE WOR-RRD THAT ANY ORDER YE GIVE IS TAE BE OBSAIRVED
LET'S GO!
JUMP! A KNIFE!
GENERAL MacGREGOR
WHIZZZZZZZAP!
124


AS WE CAME OUT OF MAC-GREGOR'S OFFICE A MONGOL KNIFE BURIED ITSELF IN THE DOOR BEHIND US
NO, NO! NOT THAT WAY, WILMA! WE MIGHT BE KNIFED IN THE CROWD AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE BUILDING
-BUT, BUT
© JOHN DILLE CO.
WE'LL LEAP TO THAT ROOF-THE BUILDING FACES ON ANOTHER STREET
I'LL-I'LL T-TRY BUCK!
THE ASSASSINS WILL EXPECT US TO COME OUT OF THE OTHER BUILDING
OH, BUCK! I'M F-A-L-L-I-N-G!
DICK CALKINS
(TO BE CONTINUED)
125


WILMA'S JUMPING BELT DID NOT BALANCE ALL HER WEIGHT. SHE SANK FASTER AND FASTER TOWARD THE JAGGED CONCRETE STRUCTURES FAR BELOW
DESPERATELY I DIVED BACK FOR THE WALL OF THE HEADQUARTERS BUILDING
HELP!
I'M COMING!
AND LIKE A DIVER IN A POOL, SHOVED OFF AGAIN FROM THAT WALL.
IF I COULD GRAB HER, MY MOMENTUM MIGHT CARRY US BOTH TO THE OPPOSITE WALL WHERE WE MIGHT CLAW AT A WINDOW LEDGE
FAILURE MEANT BROKEN BONES POSSIBLY DEATH-FOR BOTH OF US! WOULD I MAKE IT?
DICK CALKINS
126
© JOHN DILLE CO


NOW TO SCRAMBLE IN, QUICK!
I HAD CAUGHT WILMA AS I DIVED FROM THE OPPOSITE WALL
BEAT IT HOME I'LL TAKE A LOOKSEE FOR THAT KNIFE THROWER
ALL RIGHT. I DO FEEL KIND OF WABBLY
© JOHN DILLE
HEY, YOU! WHO ARE YOU-AND WHY?
AH-H-H, IT IS HE!
AN EVIL FACED GORILLA LURKED AROUND THE CORNER
LIKE A FLASH HIS KNIFE SHOT STRAIGHT FOR MY HEART
DICK CALKINS
(TO BE CONTINUED)
127


HEADS UP!
STOP HIM!
AS I DODGED HIS KNIFE, THE SPY DOVE INTO THE CROWD
SUBWAY
HEY, YOU BOOBS! STOP HIM, CAN'T YOU?
© JOHN DILLE
UNITED RAILWAY
I'LL GET HIM YET
I DOVE AS THE TRAIN STARTED
DANGER
JUST MADE IT!
UNDER GROUND TUBE
TUBE 8
LT DICK CALKINS

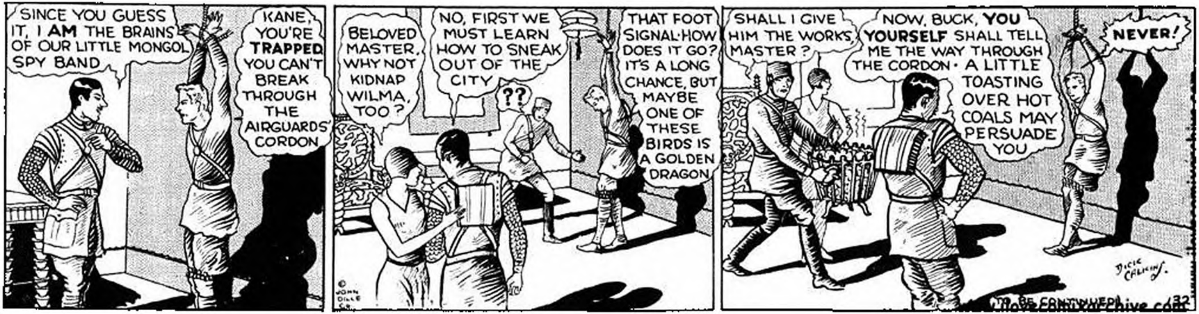


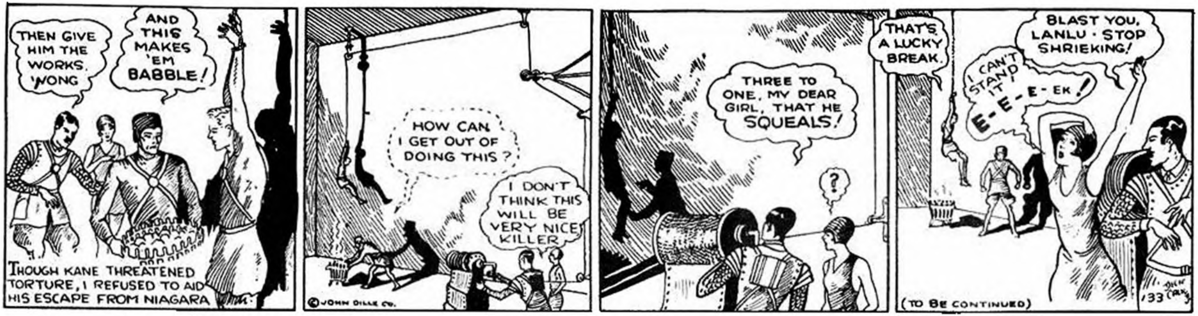
GOOD NIGHT!
I CLUNG DESPERATELY TO MY PRECARIOUS HOLD AS THE INERTRON BALANCED CARS SHOT OVER NIAGARA FALLS
OH BOY! THIS IS TRAILING HIM - AND HE DOESN'T KNOW IT, EITHER!
A CLEAN GET-AWAY! NOW TO REPORT TO THE CHIEF
AT THE NEXT STATION—
THIS IS THE PLACE - THE CHIEF'S HANG OUT
SOME-ONE'S FOLLOWING ME - I CAN FEEL IT
THE SPY LED ME INTO A WEALTHY RESIDENTIAL DISTRICT OF BUFFALO
HE TRAILED ME!
LANLU! YOU HERE! AND DRESSED LIKE AN AMERICAN!
BUCK ROGERS



WHAT ARE YOU, THE MONGOL EMPEROR'S FAVORITE, DOING HERE IN NIAGARA?
OH, JUST ER-R- WHAT I MEAN, I'M ON MY HONEY MOON
I'M FORGETTING THAT SPY - CAESAR'S GHOST! HE'S VANISHED!
STAY AND TALK TO ME, BUCK
I'VE GOT YOU ANYHOW, YOU LITTLE MONGOL SPY!
STOP! YOU'RE HURTING ME!
© JOHN DILLE CO.
YOU'RE IN CAHOOTS WITH HIM!
HELP! H-E-L-P!!!
130


HOLD HIM, LANLU!
YOU DOG!
KNIFE HIM, QUICK!
HEY THERE! WHAT'S THE MATTER?
SMOOTH WORK, KID! NOW STALL OFF THE CROWD!
OKAY!
IT'S ALL RIGHT, FOLKS MY HOT MOMENT GETS THAT WAY SOMETIMES. MY BROTHER'S TAKING CARE OF HIM
NOW UP TO THE CHIEF WITH HIM
DO YOU KNOW ME NOW, BUCK ROGERS?
KILLER KANE!
(TO BE CONTINUED)

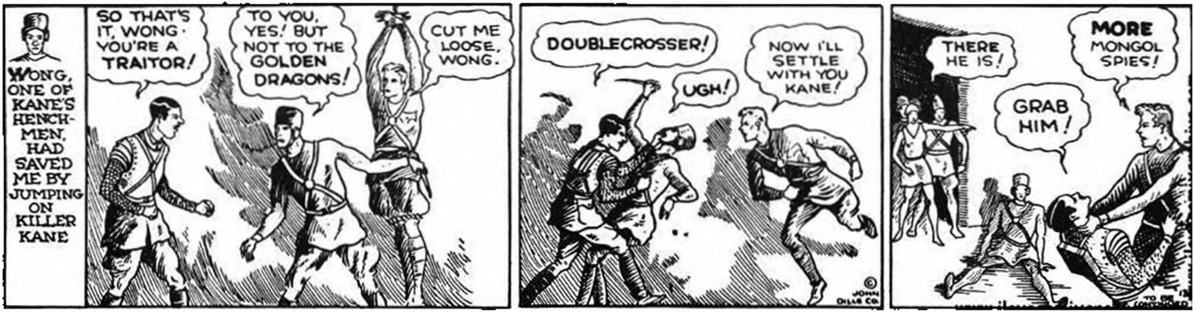

SINCE YOU GUESS IT, I AM THE BRAINS OF OUR LITTLE MONGOL SPY BAND
KANE, YOU'RE TRAPPED YOU CAN'T BREAK THROUGH THE AIRGUARDS' CORDON
BELOVED MASTER, WHY NOT KIDNAP WILMA, TOO?
NO, FIRST WE MUST LEARN HOW TO SNEAK OUT OF THE CITY
??
THAT FOOT SIGNAL-HOW DOES IT GO? IT'S A LONG CHANCE, BUT MAYBE ONE OF THESE BIRDS IS A GOLDEN DRAGON
SHALL I GIVE HIM THE WORKS, MASTER?
NOW, BUCK, YOU YOURSELF SHALL TELL ME THE WAY THROUGH THE CORDON. A LITTLE TOASTING OVER HOT COALS MAY PERSUADE YOU
NEVER!
DICK CALKINS
(TO BE CONTINUED)


THEN GIVE HIM THE WORKS, WONG
AND THIS MAKES 'EM BABBLE!
THOUGH KANE THREATENED TORTURE, I REFUSED TO AID HIS ESCAPE FROM NIAGARA
HOW CAN I GET OUT OF DOING THIS?
I DON'T THINK THIS WILL BE VERY NICE KILLER
©JOHN DILLE CO.
THREE TO ONE, MY DEAR GIRL, THAT HE SQUEALS!
?
THAT'S A LUCKY BREAK.
BLAST YOU, LANLU - STOP SHRIEKING!
I CAN'T STAND IT!
E-E-E-EK!
(TO BE CONTINUED)
133


BRING ON THE COALS - I DON'T CARE, BUT I DON'T WANT TO WATCH IT.
THEN GET OUT OF THE ROOM!
YOU HURT MY ARM, TOO!
FOOL WOMAN!
I AM READY AGAIN, MASTER.
© JOHN DILLE CO
SLAP IT TO HIM NOW, THEN HE'LL TALK.
NEVER, KILLER KANE!
ANOTHER DELAY - SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT THIS.
OOOW!
UNLUCKY DRAGONS! I DROPPED IT.
TO BE CON'T'D
134



WONG HAD SAVED ME BY DROPPING THE BRAZIER OF RED HOT COALS ON ON KANE'S FOOT
MERCY, MASTER! IT WAS AN ACCIDENT!
BLOCKHEAD! I'LL HAVE YOUR LIFE FOR THIS!
HE CAN'T TALK THAT WAY TO ME!
HERE, I'LL DO THE JOB! FOR THE LAST TIME, ROGERS - WILL YOU TELL ME THE WAY THROUGH THE CORDON?
NO!
© JOHN DILLE CO.
HOLD 'EM HOLD 'EM!
UGH!
TO BE CONT'D
135



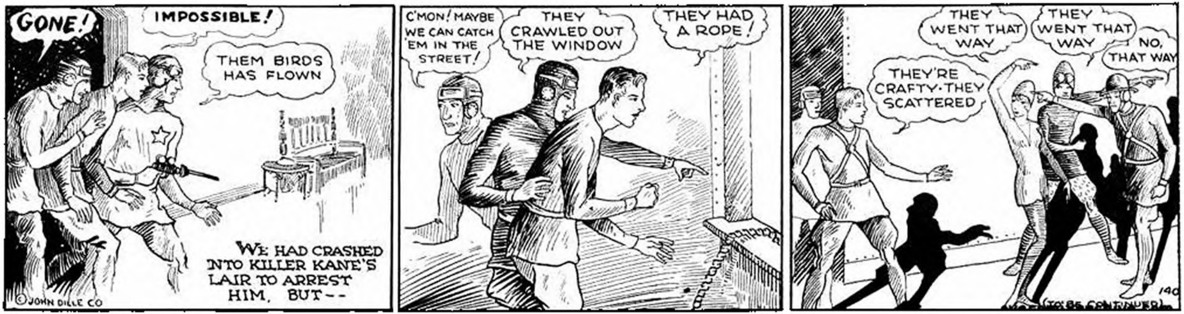
WONG, ONE OF KANE'S HENCHMEN, HAD SAVED ME BY JUMPING ON KILLER KANE
SO THAT'S IT, WONG - YOU'RE A TRAITOR!
TO YOU, YES! BUT NOT TO THE GOLDEN DRAGONS!
CUT ME LOOSE, WONG.
DOUBLECROSSER!
UGH!
NOW I'LL SETTLE WITH YOU KANE!
© JOHN DILLE CO.
THERE HE IS!
MORE MONGOL SPIES!
GRAB HIM!
TO BE CONTINUED





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THEY'RE MAKING A GETAWAY!
C'MON, JOE, WE'LL SMEAR'EM
I SHOT BACK TO THE STREET TO GET THE TWO PATROLMEN AND PREVENT KILLER KANE'S ESCAPE.
THIS IS THE DOOR · IT'S BOLTED!
BUST IN!
NOBODY GOT BY US AS WE CAME UP.
© JOHN DILLE CO.
ONCE MORE, NOW LADS, HEAVE!
WE REMOVED OUR INERTRON BELTS TO INCREASE OUR WEIGHT, AND—
139
(TO BE CONT'D.)
THE DOOR RIPPED AND CRASHED UNDER OUR COMBINED ASSAULT AND WE SURGED INTO THE ROOM.

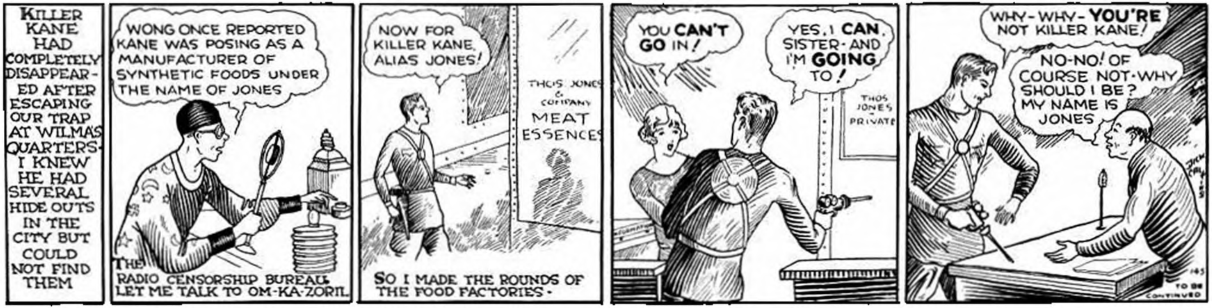

GONE!
IMPOSSIBLE!
THEM BIRDS HAS FLOWN
WE HAD CRASHED INTO KILLER KANE'S LAIR TO ARREST HIM, BUT--
© JOHN DILLE CO
C'MON! MAYBE WE CAN CATCH 'EM IN THE STREET!
THEY CRAWLED OUT THE WINDOW
THEY HAD A ROPE!
THEY WENT THAT WAY
THEY WENT THAT WAY
NO, THAT WAY
THEY'RE CRAFTY · THEY SCATTERED
140
(TO BE CONTINUED)


THAT LOOKS LIKE HIM!
WE SCATTERED TO HUNT FOR KILLER KANE. I ROUNDED THE CORNER AND SAW A LEAPING FIGURE IN THE DISTANCE.
IT IS KILLER KANE! MAYBE I WON'T TAKE THAT GUY APART!
IN ONE MORE LEAP I WOULD HAVE BEEN ON HIM, BUT--
WOWEE! WHAT A SMELL!
TRY THIS PERFUME ON YOUR HANDKERCHIEF, ROGERS!
BAM!
© JOHN DILLE CO.
WHY - WHAT! HE'S DISAPPEARED!
141
(TO BE CONTINUED)


KANE'S SMOKE BOMB PARALYZED MY SENSES LONG ENOUGH FOR HIM TO GET AWAY
I TOOK A SUBWAY TO WILMA'S QUARTERS FEELING VERY BLUE —
BUCK DEAR, WHY NOT RADIOPHONE OM? IF WONG IS A GOLDEN DRAGON, HE'LL BE IN TOUCH WITH HIM
YEAH, I MIGHT TRACE KANE THAT WAY. NOW, HOW DOES THAT SECRET PHONE CODE GO
I'LL GO AND GET DRESSED
HELLO-H-E-L-L-O, OM? 24-32-78-85-27-89-54-WHAT TH'---, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THIS RADIO?
A DEAFENING ROAR OF STATIC CUT ME OFF......
© JOHN DILLE CO.
WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?
WE'RE JUST PINCHING YOU BOTH AS SPIES, THASSALL!
YOU'RE ALL WET, CORPORAL. I'M CAPTAIN ROGERS.
NOW, I'LL TELL ONE
142
(TO BE CONTINUED)


WHAT MADE YOU THINK WE WERE SPIES, CORPORAL?
WE GOT RADIO-PHONE ORDERS TO PINCH ANYONE IN THIS APARTMENT- IT WAS LIKE THIS, SIR
M.P.
WILMA AND I QUICKLY CLEARED OURSELVES OF SUSPICION AS MONGOL SPIES ---
HELLO-HELLO, OM? - 24-32-78-85-27-89 54 2
OPERATOR ON CHANNELL 757 REPORTING ATTEMPTED CODE MESSAGE FROM LOCATION R-K-483, LEVEL 15- WHICH I AM KILLING WITH STATIC
RADIO CENSORSHIP BUREAU
© JOHN DILLE CO
CLANG-CLANG! ROCKET CAR ATTENTION! RADIO CENSOR REPORTS SPIES TRYING TO RADIO FROM R-K-483, 15TH FLOOR GO THERE AT ONCE!
C'MON WE'LL MAKE A PINCH
MILITARY POLICE 5TH ZONE
AND SO THAT'S HOW IT HAPPENED, SIR
SH-H-H SOMEBODY'S COMING—IT'S KILLER KANE AND LANLU!
MP
143
TO BE CONT'D

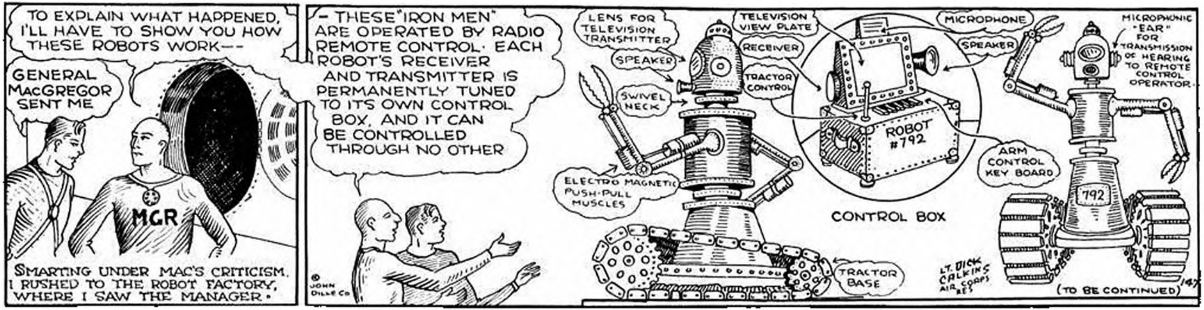

I'M SCARED, BUCK! KILLER KANE IS SO TRICKY!
SLAM HIM WHEN HE COMES IN!
LEAVE IT TO US, SIR
© JOHN DILLE CO
OH! IT'S LANLU!
E-E-E YAH!
LOOK OUT! YOU FELLOWS, HE'LL GET AWAY
HA! A TRAP
OH, WHAT A SMELL!
HE GOT AWAY WITH IT AGAIN!
I'LL CALL AGAIN, WILMA, WHEN YOU HAVE NO COMPANY!
WHY, KILLER KANE'S GONE
WHEN I LAY MY HANDS ON THAT TRAITOR, I'LL -- I'LL —
TO BE CONT'D

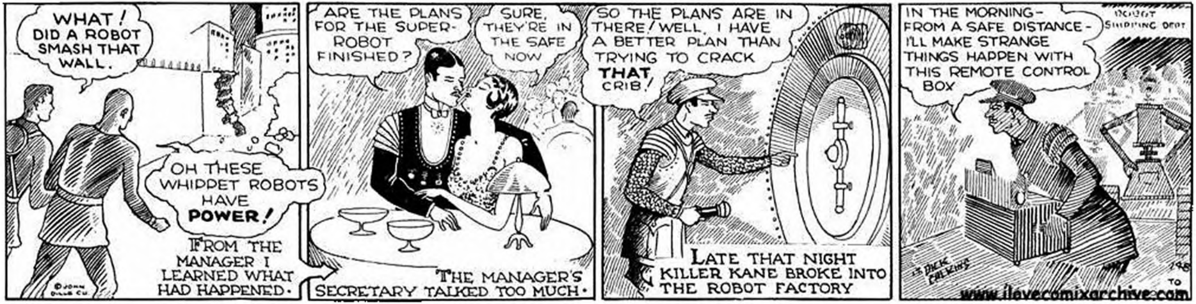


KILLER KANE HAD COMPLETELY DISAPPEAR-ED AFTER ESCAPING OUR TRAP AT WILMA'S QUARTERS-I KNEW HE HAD SEVERAL HIDE OUTS IN THE CITY BUT COULD NOT FIND THEM
WONG ONCE REPORTED KANE WAS POSING AS A MANUFACTURER OF SYNTHETIC FOODS UNDER THE NAME OF JONES
THE RADIO CENSORSHIP BUREAU LET ME TALK TO OM-KA-ZORIL
NOW FOR KILLER KANE, ALIAS JONES!
THOS. JONES & COMPANY MEAT ESSENCES
SO I MADE THE ROUNDS OF THE FOOD FACTORIES-
YOU CAN'T GO IN!
YES, I CAN, SISTER-AND I'M GOING TO!
THOS JONES - PRIVATE
WHY-WHY-YOU'RE NOT KILLER KANE!
NO-NO! OF COURSE NOT-WHY SHOULD I BE? MY NAME IS JONES
145
TO BE CONTINUED

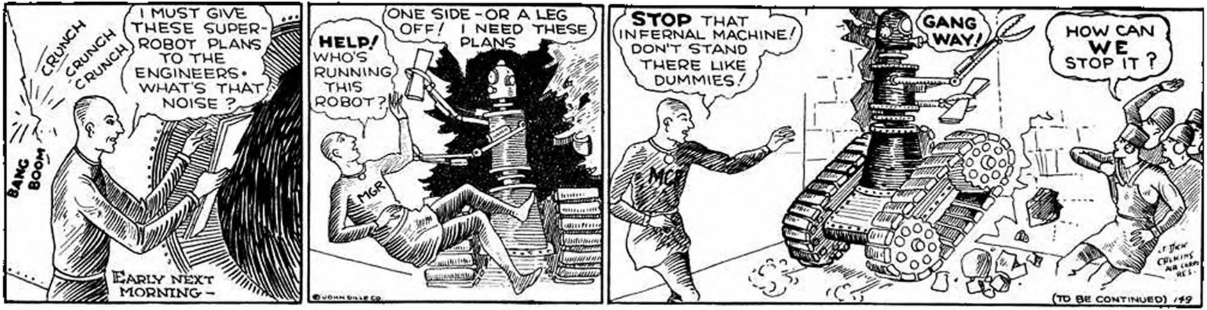


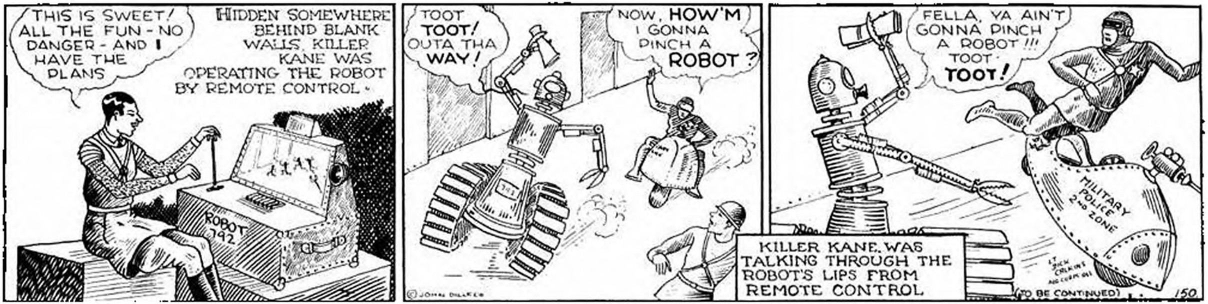
IS THERE ANOTHER JONES IN THE SYNTHETIC MEAT BUSINESS?
YES, SAMUEL K. JONES, BUT HE'S A VERY SMALL TIMER
IN MY SEARCH FOR KILLER KANE, I HAD CRASHED IN ON THE WRONG "JONES"
STOPPED AGAIN! WELL I MIGHT AS WELL GO TO MACGREGOR AND CONFESS I'VE FAILED TO FIND KANE
©JOHN DILLE CO
I ADMIT IT MAC-I'M STUMPED
I'M DEESAPPOINTED IN YE BUCK
IF THE GENERAL PLEASES, I HAVE A MESSAGE
PLAN'S FOR THE NEW SUPER-ROBOT HAE BEEN STOLEN! 'TIS MORE O' KANE'S WOR-R-RK-GO TO THE STEEL-FINGERS PLANT GET ON HIS TRAIL.
(TO BE CONTINUED)

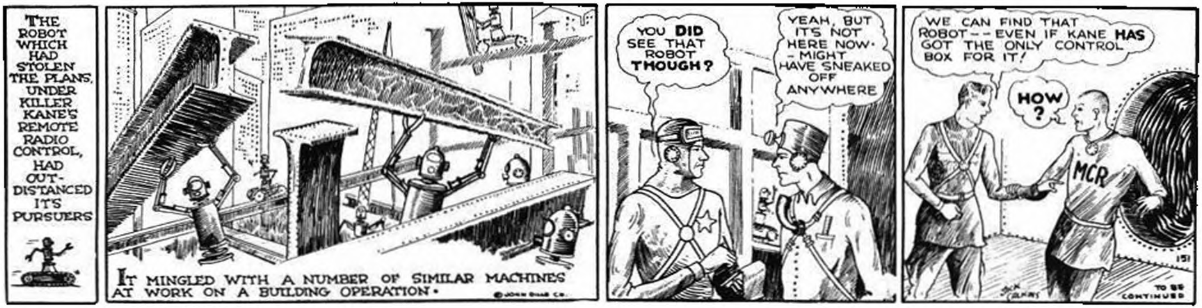




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CRUNCH
CRUNCH
CRUNCH
BANG
BOOM
I MUST GIVE THESE SUPER-ROBOT PLANS TO THE ENGINEERS. WHAT'S THAT NOISE?
EARLY NEXT MORNING—
HELP! WHO'S RUNNING THIS ROBOT?
ONE SIDE-OR A LEG OFF! I NEED THESE PLANS
MGR
© JOHN DILLE CO.
STOP THAT INFERNAL MACHINE! DON'T STAND THERE LIKE DUMMIES!
GANG WAY!
HOW CAN WE STOP IT?
MGR
LT. DICK CALKINS AIR CORPS RES.
(TO BE CONTINUED) 149


THIS IS SWEET! ALL THE FUN - NO DANGER - AND I HAVE THE PLANS
HIDDEN SOMEWHERE BEHIND BLANK WALLS, KILLER KANE WAS OPERATING THE ROBOT BY REMOTE CONTROL.
ROBOT 792
TOOT TOOT! OUTA THA WAY!
NOW, HOW'M I GONNA PINCH A ROBOT?
© JOHN DILLE CO.
FELLA, YA AIN'T GONNA PINCH A ROBOT!!! TOOT TOOT!
KILLER KANE WAS TALKING THROUGH THE ROBOT'S LIPS FROM REMOTE CONTROL
MILITARY POLICE 2ND ZONE
(TO BE CONTINUED) 150.





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AND I DON'T DARE LEAVE THIS CONTROLLER
KANE BARELY REACHED HIS CONTROL BOX IN TIME TO NEUTRALIZE MY RADIO COMMAND OVER THE ROBOT.
HA! THE OTHER CONTROL IS OFF!
I TRIED RADIO 'JUI JITSU'- RELEASING MY CONTROL FOR A SECOND.
©
UGH! THAT'S TOO CLOSE!
WE 'WRESTLED' BY RADIO FOR CONTROL OF THE MACHINE, BUT---
IF I CAN TIRE THAT OTHER OPERATOR, I'M ALL SET - IF I CAN'T IT'S MY FUNERAL!
KILLER KANE BALANCED EVERY IMPULSE I SHOT TO THE MACHINE BY A COUNTER IMPULSE OF HIS OWN.


HERE, YOU KEEP BALANCING KANE'S CONTROL. I'LL SNATCH SOME SLEEP
LEAVE IT TO ME!
I GOT THE MANAGER OF THE ROBOT PLANT TO PINCH HIT FOR ME.
HA'! I'LL GET YOU SOONER OR LATER!
THIS STRAIN IS TERRIBLE!
BUT KANE DARED NOT LEAVE HIS CONTROLLER FOR A SECOND
HO-HUM! DID I SLEEP LONG?
FOUR HOURS. I'M ALL IN- BUT KANE'S WEAKENING TOO
YOU'RE LICKED, KANE. BETTER GIVE UP!
NEVER!
EVERY TIME KANE NODDED I FORCED THE STEEL CLAW CLOSER TO HIM.
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TO BE CONT'D


SLEEP, MY BEAUTY SLEEP!
Z-ZZ-Z
ZZ-Z-ZZZZZ
AT LAST FATIGUE OVERCAME KANE —
HELP! SAVE ME FROM THIS THING
THAT'S THE ROBOT THAT WAS STOLEN
IT'S CAPTURED IT'S CAPTOR!
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CAPTAIN ROGERS, BEGS TO PRESENT THE GENERAL WITH THE SPY HE HAS BEEN SEEKING!
HA-HAH-HAH!
CAPTAIN ROGERS, YE'R DESAIRVING OF **PROMOTION!**
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